

# THE SAINT PAULS MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1873.

## THE OWL'S NEST IN THE CITY.

### CHAPTER VI.

"To be  
In love where scorn is sought with groans."

I CANNOT tell how Dick and James passed that night. I know that I was far too agitated and excited to sleep.

It was the first time that any one of the opposite sex (poor old Withers had never even suggested the idea of sex to my mind) had slept in that house since I entered it, and her very presence beneath our roof appeared to transform the worm-eaten old mansion into a fairy palace.

Mysterious yearnings awoke within me; my pulses beat, and my blood was in a tumult, I knew not why; nor could I have declared even to my own heart whether my sensations were more of pain than pleasure. Something told me that I should never be the same again; yet I, who had always been eager to confide every new sensation or feeling to Dick, had now no greater anxiety than to conceal my trouble from him, and when he addressed me shortly after I was in bed I feigned sleep, to avoid a conversation which I felt would be at that moment impossible.

At length, at daybreak, I fell into an uneasy slumber, from which I was roused at an early hour by James, who entered our room on tiptoe, with a candle in his hand.

"I say," he whispered, "*she* can't eat the breakfast we have."

"That's true!" we exclaimed, in dismay; "what shall we do?"

"Why, we must buy something or other. I can't go out to get anything, for I should not be back before the clerks come, perhaps; and, besides, I don't know what to get. You must run out, Dick, and look at the shops; see, here's all the money I have."

"It's very little," said Dick, jumping out of bed and feeling in his own pockets; "but I've got nearly two pounds left. But we don't know what she likes."

There was a pause of consideration. At length I hazarded the suggestion: "She must take tea or coffee, of course. There's always tea, so suppose you bring some coffee, and some cream and fruit."

"But she had no supper," said James, "so she ought to have meat."

"Not our horrid cold meat," said Dick.

"Buy some game," suggested James.

"But can Withers cook it?" said Dick.

"The worst of all," said I, with a keen remembrance of the manifold disgusts of my first week in that house—"the worst of all is that everything's so dirty!"

"Withers alone is enough, to begin with," said Dick.

"But we can't change Withers," said James, mournfully; "and, even if we get a decent breakfast to-day, what shall we do to-morrow, when Dick's gone, and we've no more money?"

There was another pause, during which we looked from one to another in great perplexity.

"The fact is," said Dick, at length, "there's no good in making a struggle only for one day. If Uncle Earle don't understand that a lady requires things in a very different style to us, why, we must teach him, that's all."

"Ah! but who's to bell the cat?" said I.

"I will," said Dick, buttoning up his coat with an air of great resolution. "I'll go at once and speak to him before he gets up."

James and I watched him across the hall, and saw him knock at Mr. Earle's door, with feelings akin to those which the accomplices of a conspirator upon whom the lot has fallen, might watch him depart to fire a mine; but the hero returned in a few moments, crestfallen and disturbed.

Mr. Earle, after laughing heartily at his zeal, had assured him he was quite welcome to make any arrangements he thought fit, but that, for his own part, as he had not the slightest desire to induce Miss Paton to take up her abode at X Court, he was quite content to allow her to see the family *en déshabille*.

We were at first much cast down by this report; but, at length, James said—

"Never mind, we have enough money for to-day. Run and get something now, Dick, and this evening I'll have a talk with my father about it."

"Pooh!" said Dick, "what does he care?"

"Nothing, of course, as yet; but leave it to me, and when he knows Mr. Earle does not wish her to stay, perhaps he will help us. At any rate it's worth trying."

"Indeed it is," said I, "if it were only to spite Earle."

"I don't care about spiting Earle," said Dick, "though he was very disagreeable, certainly; but for the poor young lady's sake, it

is worth trying—so here goes!" he cried, catching up his hat and running downstairs.

As soon as he was gone, I proceeded upstairs to see if anything could be done to interest Mrs. Withers in the matter; but I found her so far from amiably disposed, that my courage failed, and I waited in extreme anxiety for Dick's return. While I was leaning over the banisters, in expectation of his arrival, I was surprised to hear loud voices in Mr. Earle's private room, and still more astonished when, shortly afterwards, the door opened, and Miss Paton came out, looking flushed and uneasy. Mr. Earle followed her to the door of her own room, saying, "It is too late to adopt any other plan now, so I presume I may understand that you are willing to follow my advice?"

"I will tell you presently; let me think it over," she answered; and then, entering her own room, she closed the door rather unceremoniously, without waiting to hear any more.

Mr. Earle also returned to his own room, whistling softly to himself, which was a habit he had when annoyed.

A moment more and I had the satisfaction to see Dick come in, the triumphant bearer of a cold roast pheasant, some coffee, and a splendid bunch of autumn violets. "The rolls and cream are coming," he said, bounding up the kitchen stairs; "now, Withers, make haste and make some coffee."

It was not without a good deal of coaxing that we prevailed upon the old woman to exert herself. "Who's Miss, I wonder, that a body has to make such a fuss over her?" she said, sulkily. We, however, prevailed upon her to produce a clean table-cloth, and having placed it ourselves upon the table in great haste, lest Miss Paton should leave her room before our labours were accomplished, we went upstairs again to see what progress Withers had made. While in the kitchen we were startled by a strange cry in the hall below. Dick rushed downstairs, and I, following him as quickly as my lameness would allow, saw Mr. Prescott half reclining on the old-fashioned window-seat, supported by James, while Dick held a glass of brandy to his lips, which had been brought by Mr. Earle from his own room. My uncle's face was ghastly white, and wore an expression of terror.

"Good God! what has happened?" I asked, in great alarm.

"Oh, nothing in any way serious," replied Earle. "Your uncle came home late last night, and so was not aware of Miss Paton's arrival. He happened to meet her just now as she came out of her room, and was startled, that's all. Go to Miss Paton," he added, motioning Dick towards the dining-room, "and tell her not to be uneasy, as Mr. Prescott is quite recovered."

Quite recovered!—he was still shaking like a leaf, while poor James, the only one who really cared for him, wiped away the large drops of perspiration that stood upon his forehead.

Miss Paton was leaning against the fire-place, in the dining-room, when I went in. She looked pale and agitated, and appeared little comforted by the explanations offered by Dick.

"Mr. Prescott is better now, madam," I said, venturing, for the first time, to address her.

"I am glad of it," she replied, absently, without looking round; then turning abruptly to Dick, she said, "Are there any more strange people in this strange house?"

"No," said Dick, smiling; "you have seen the whole household now."

"And what a household!" said she shuddering.

My uncle Prescott did not take breakfast with us. James silently poured out a cup of tea, and carried it with the newspaper into his father's room, and we saw him no more that day.

Mr. Earle came in a few moments afterwards, and, inviting Miss Paton to be seated, did the honours of the breakfast table with much grace, and evidently exerted himself to remove the painful impression produced upon her mind, by explaining that the room she had occupied had been the bed-room of the late Mrs. Prescott, and that as my uncle was not aware of Miss Paton's presence in the house, the sight of a lady coming out of that room had naturally startled him. "If he had had time to look at you," he added, playfully, "the impression produced would certainly have been the reverse of painful."

"Time to look at me!" exclaimed Miss Paton; "Heaven knows, he looked at me enough. It is very singular," she added, with a half-irritable, half-coquettish smile. "I must, I suppose, be very frightful, since everybody goes into fits at the sight of me."

"Everybody!" said Mr. Earle.

"Mrs. Withers, uncle," said Dick, smiling, "behaved nearly as strangely last night, as my father did this morning."

Mr. Earle's brow darkened; but, after a moment's hesitation, he said,

"The poor old woman is getting past work and silly; but you shall not be annoyed by her any more. We will get a nice cheerful young person to wait upon you, and keep the old owl out of the way in her nest upstairs."

Soon after this James went down to the office, and Mr. Earle, after reminding Dick that he had to return that morning to W—, followed James out of the room; but I heard him go upstairs, and felt certain that he was gone to make arrangements with Withers for the coming of a new servant.

Miss Paton soon forgot the annoyance she had felt, for she conversed very gaily with Dick, and appeared to take great pleasure in his undisguised admiration. The idea of feeling jealous of Dick never occurred to me. Even if I had not loved him so well, I was

too humble to dream of comparing myself to so glorified a being as an officer in the —th Dragoons. Nevertheless Miss Paton's utter neglect of me depressed me even more than the fact of Dick's approaching departure. The two stood talking together by the fireplace, perfectly oblivious of my presence ; and after drawing patterns on the table-cloth with my fork till I was tired, I left my chair, and betook myself to my accustomed corner on the window-seat. I had, I think, a faint hope that this movement would attract Dick's attention, and that he would say something to me, so as to enable me to make one in their cheerful conversation. He took no notice, however : the charms and graces of Miss Paton completely absorbed his attention, and for the first time he forgot his habits of protection and encouragement towards me.

Mortified by their forgetfulness of my presence, yet not wishing to betray my discomfiture, I retreated completely behind the curtain, and leaning my head against the window frame, fell into a mournful reverie, from which I was roused by hearing Dick say "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Miss Paton ; "what on earth will become of me when you are gone, and I am left alone among these mad people and savages !"

"Savages !" repeated Dick ; "oh no ! you will not find Ned and James savages. Poor James is dull, because he is overworked ; but you will always have Ned, and he is so clever, and quite a poet, I assure you."

"What, that poor lame boy ! what use can he be ?"

Lame boy ! I instinctively shrank still further behind the red curtain at the words ; but in the midst of the pain they gave me, the thought of Lord Byron and Mary Chaworth was a sort of bitter satisfaction to my vanity.

"When you know Ned," said Dick, with a tone of reproach in his voice, "you will think as I do, that his lameness only makes him more interesting. Remember, Lord Byron was lame."

"Yes," said Miss Paton, laughing ; "but then you know Lord Byron was—Lord Byron."

Before Dick could say another word in my favour, Mr. Earle came in, watch in hand, and reminded him that there was barely time left for him to pack his trunk and catch the coach. With a hasty adieu to Miss Paton, Dick hurried out of the room. I longed to follow him, but delicacy towards Miss Paton prevented me from moving. I was unwilling to inflict upon her the pain I fancied she would feel on perceiving she had been overheard. Had I known her better, I should not have hesitated.

"Now, Miss Paton," said Earle, closing the door, "before I go to business, let me be quite sure we understand each other. I requested you this morning to be advised by me, at least so far as to wait six

months more, before taking any further steps to shake your father's resolution. Do you consent to promise this?"

"Since you say you have such strong hopes that your letter may be successful, and since I have neither means nor inclination to attempt a journey to India without some word of hope or encouragement, I do not see what other course is left to me. If, however, at the end of six months, your negotiations should have failed, I shall feel at liberty to adopt some other means of obtaining my rights."

"What other means?" said Mr. Earle.

"If all appeal to his heart should prove useless, I shall no longer refrain from——" she stopped short.

"From what?" asked Earle.

"That is my secret," she replied, playfully; but I saw she felt she had gone too far.

"Surely you cannot mean that you distrust me, Miss Paton?"

"I do not mistrust you, Mr. Earle, but my position is very painful and peculiar; and you are, personally, a stranger to me."

"Of course—of course, you are quite right; but I hope you will soon cease to regard me as a stranger."

"I hope so, too," said Miss Paton, sadly. "Heaven knows I have need of friends."

So saying she left the room, and Mr. Earle, after remaining for a few moments absorbed in thought, went downstairs.

I now hurried to Dick's room, and found him just about to start.

"I am coming with you to the coach, Dick," I said.

"Why, what's the matter? how strange you look! and where have you been all this while?"

"Never mind now, Dick; make haste," said I, hurrying downstairs at a speed as uncommon as it was inconvenient to me. Then seizing Dick's arm as soon as we were out of X Court, I said in a low voice, "I want to speak to you, but I can't while the office porter is following. Let's call a cab, and take the box outside."

Dick instantly hailed a passing cab, and dismissed the porter, saying he found it was too late to walk.

"Now, Ned, what is it?" he asked, as soon as we were seated.

"I was behind the curtain in the dining-room just now, and——"

The colour flew over Dick's face as he interrupted me. "Dear Ned, she did not mean to be unkind; it was only thoughtlessness."

"I don't mean that, Dick; never mind me just now. When you went away I heard all she and Mr. Earle said. I am certain there is something wrong going on: I am positive he is telling her lies."

"Lies! what about? what for?"

"I don't know; but they talked of her affairs. It seems as if her father was angry with her, and has denied her some right; and Earle has told her that her father is in India, and all the while her father is dead."

"How do you know that?" said Dick, in amazement.

"Because I remember, as if it had been yesterday, all he told my uncle about her when first he expected she might come, eleven months ago. I know he said her father was dead."

I then repeated to Dick all I had heard on that occasion, but I failed to make the impression I desired. He could see no motive for this deception, he said, and thought I might have been mistaken. Moreover, he could not understand the distrust and dislike I showed when speaking of Mr. Earle. "I am sure he has always behaved better to us than my father has," he said, "and yet you seem to me almost to hate him."

I was embarrassed; I could not explain to him how much reason I had to dislike Earle; but I reminded him of the story I had told him before of the mysterious foreign letter.

He was shaken, but not quite convinced. I think the nobility of his own nature made him shrink from believing his uncle capable of such a meanness. "After all," he said, "you see you can't be sure. You did not yourself read the direction, and old Withers might really have made a mistake. And even if you are right, although it was very mean and wicked, I don't see what it has to do with Miss Paton."

"No, no, I don't say that it has; but it shows there is nothing too bad for him to do; and then his face, Dick, his face this morning looked exactly as it did then. I am certain he was telling lies."

I saw that the earnestness of my conviction rendered Dick uneasy in spite of himself. But we had now reached the coach-office, and had no time for further conversation on the subject.

"I shall come home as often as ever I can," he said, colouring,—perhaps, because he felt that I knew what was the attraction,—“and meanwhile keep your eyes open for her sake, and if you find out anything, write to me. Watch over her, dear Ned,” he added, as he turned away to mount the box. In another moment he was out of sight, and his last look as he waved his hand said as plainly as eyes could speak, “Watch over her.”

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#### CHAPTER VII.

“Must he needs die?  
Maiden, no remedy.”—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN I reached X Court again, I found Miss Paton in the dining-room seated in my accustomed place in the window-seat. Her attitude was so graceful and so melancholy that I was touched by her appearance; and when she looked up with a smile, as if she found even my entrance some relief, I forgot everything but my sympathy

for her loneliness, and thought only of how I should render our gloomy dwelling less odious in her eyes.

"Well, Mr. Lovel," she said: "your friend Cornet Prescott tells me you will be my cavalier. You will have to make yourself very entertaining, for I assure you I am already devoured by that English spleen of which I used to hear so much in France."

"In France!" I exclaimed. "And Mr. Earle said you were an Italian! Then that is another lie."

"Is Mr. Earle in the habit of telling lies?" said Miss Paton, eagerly.

I was confounded at my own rash folly. "No, no," I stammered out, awkwardly enough; "of course he—I mean I, was mistaken."

"You at least do not tell them very cleverly," she said, laughing at my confusion. "Pray tell me," she added after a pause, "what do you do to amuse yourselves in this dull old house?"

"Nothing—we have no amusements. We always go on in the same manner, day after day. My uncle, Mr. Earle, and James are in the office at work, and I pass my days like a squirrel, turning round and round uselessly in a cage."

"But have you never any visitors? do you never pay visits?"

"Never."

"Good Heavens! how am I to exist here for six months?"

"I have existed here for thirteen long years; but indeed the place is not fit for such as you."

"Fit! It is not fit for a dog!" said Miss Paton petulantly. "It would be worse than a convent, were it not that at least one can go in and out; and, *à propos*! will you show me the way to the nearest Catholic chapel?"

I had never heard of any Catholic chapel near, but aware that James knew London better than I did, I offered to go down to the office to seek him. I found him seated at his desk, but not at work. He was leaning his head on his hands, and he did not raise it till I put my hand upon his shoulder, and asked the desired information.

He rose languidly and came upstairs with me to show me the exact situation of the chapel on the map of London that hung in our dining-room. I have but little genius for topography, and it was some time before I had fixed in my mind the names of the streets through which we were to pass. When at last I turned to Miss Paton to declare my readiness to accompany her, her eyes were intently fixed on James, and I was struck with the mournful earnestness of their expression. When we had left the house, she said—

"I suppose you all know that young man is dying?"

"James! dying!" I exclaimed; "why he is not even ill."

"Not ill! Nonsense; he is in the last stage of consumption. Is it possible you do not notice how haggard he looks?"

"But he was always so. At our school the boys used to call him 'the ghost'!"

"Did you notice the perspiration on his forehead, this cold day?"

"He always does perspire."

"But that cough!"

"I never remember James without a cough."

"All you say only convinces me still more strongly that I am right. My poor mother died of consumption, and I assure you as I looked at him just now, there was something in the expression of his face, something even in his manner of breathing, that reminded me so strongly of her, I felt quite strange."

We reached the chapel door as she spoke. Mass was just begun, and the bewildering novelty of the scene (I had never entered church or chapel of any kind since my mother's death), the pictorial beauty of the ceremony, the charms of the music, and the pleasure of contemplating my beautiful companion at her devotions, effaced the painful impression caused by her last words. I was soon so entranced by all around me as to completely forget the present in a delicious dream, from which I was only roused by Miss Paton rising from her knees and touching my arm to remind me it was time to return.

In the evening, however, when James came upstairs, Miss Paton's remarks concerning him recurred to my mind; and as I looked at him in the new light they afforded, I was so struck by his air of lassitude and suffering, that I wondered by what strange chance it had escaped me until then. My heart yearned towards him with an amount of affection that astonished myself, and my eyes filled with tears as I watched him constantly wiping his clammy brow, and asked myself how I could have been blind so long. As soon as Miss Paton retired for the night, I went up to him, and putting my arm round his neck as I had been wont to do when a child, I said—

"You look very pale, Jim; do you think you are ill?"

"I am afraid I must be, Ned," he answered. "I don't know what ails me exactly, but I'm always so deadily tired now that I really can hardly work at all."

"Only tired? don't you feel any pain?"

"No; only a little when I cough."

"Then what is it that prevents you from working?"

"Every now and then I feel so strange and faint, and sometimes I can't see. I thought at first the office must be close; but when I go out into the air my knees tremble, and it seems as if I could not breathe. I suppose I must have worked too hard; but you see I must work if we are ever to get rid of Earle. Father works night and day."

"But why do you both hate him so?"

"I don't know how it began. I hate him because he bullies father; and because, whatever the cause, I see father will never have any peace till he is rid of him."

"And how do you hope to do it?"

"To buy him out, to be sure. We have nearly got enough now. He has promised to retire as soon as he can buy all the rest of the land belonging to B—— Grange, in Somersetshire, which mother left him in her will."

"But why did she leave it to him instead of her children?" I ventured to ask; for I was anxious to discover how much James knew of the sad history of the past which old Withers had revealed to me.

"I'm afraid she must have done it to spite father," he answered, sadly; "I know they did not agree."

"But, James, you must not go on working so. If your father knew you were ill, he would not wish it; for I am sure he loves you."

"Yes, he says sometimes that I am the only one he loves; that's not fair to you or Dick, I know, but when I see how wretched he is, I feel I must go on working till Earle is bought out."

I felt differently, for now that my attention had once been drawn to the state of James's health, the alarm with which I recognized all the evil symptoms pointed out by Miss Paton was in proportion to my former insensibility.

I determined I would speak privately to my uncle on the subject that very night, and suggest that he should consult some eminent physician. I felt ashamed to think that, had I not been so selfishly wrapped up in my own grief after Dick's departure, I must sooner have noticed James's illness. Had I sought to make him a companion, he would have confided in me before; for I well knew that his habitual reserve sprang from diffidence rather than coldness. A horrible fear haunted me that it might already be too late, and I waited in great anxiety until all were in bed but myself, and then hastened to my uncle's room with a beating heart.

His face grew white as he listened to all I had to say; yet at first he struggled against conviction.

"It cannot be true, Ned," he cried; "if things were as bad as you say, I must have seen it. The poor lad's over-worked, as he says, but he shall go to the sea-side, and then——"

"But, uncle, even he himself thinks he is really ill, and you know he is not one to make a fuss."

"That's very true. I'll send for Dr. F—— to-morrow. He's the great man for this sort of case, you know. It will be a satisfaction to hear what he has to say, but you'll find it is nothing in the world but over-work," he repeated, evidently trying to persuade himself rather than me.

The next morning my uncle wrote to Dr. F—— as soon as he

was up, and before three o'clock the great doctor's carriage rolled beneath the archway of X Court. I immediately sent Withers to the office to fetch my uncle and James, and then left the room.

In about ten minutes James came out.

"Well?" said I eagerly.

"Oh, he says I shall soon be better; but I'm to go to Devonshire for a little while, just till the weather gets warm. It's a mere nothing, evidently."

"Then what is he waiting for?"

"He said he wanted to consult my father upon some law business, and he asked me to leave them alone altogether."

My heart sank within me. I instinctively felt that the doctor had sent him away in order to give a very different report of the case to his father, and I wondered to see the poor patient so utterly unsuspecting of this.

"By the way," he said, "Dr. F—— said I had better lie down: and Withers is to light a fire in my room; will you tell her?"

I ran to fetch Withers, and then again took up my station in the hall to watch for the doctor's departure. In a few moments the dining-room bell rung; and as Withers was in James's room, I answered it.

My uncle was sitting at the table, his face covered with his hands.

"Get Mr. Prescott a little brandy and water," whispered the doctor as he glided out: "he has been much overcome."

I ran to my uncle's private room, and found some brandy. I urged him to drink some, but it was long before I could make him even understand what I said. He stared at me like a man in a dream.

"Uncle, do drink this: it will do you good. You know, you must not let James see you so."

"Give it to me," he said at last, seizing the bottle and eagerly drinking the raw spirit. "I cannot see him yet, Ned," he added. "My poor, poor boy! If he asks for me, say I am gone out."

He rose and walked to his room like one under the influence of a nightmare. I shuddered at the look of his face as he closed the door, for I saw too plainly written there—*no hope*.

When my uncle was sufficiently composed to speak to me, I learned from him that the doctor had intimated that the end was very near. Mr. Prescott had proposed to leave business in order to take his son to a warmer climate; but Dr. F—— had dissuaded him from this, assuring him that the disease was so far advanced that the fatigue of a long journey would probably be immediately fatal. He had, however, seeing that the young man had set his heart on going to the sea-side, recommended his removal, by easy stages, to Devonshire.

I wrote directly to Dick, and the sad tidings brought him to X

Court at once. I was anxious to accompany the travellers, and my uncle readily consented ; but in the evening, when Dick and I were alone with James, to my surprise he requested me to stay in London.

"I shall not be very long away, Ned," he said, "and I cannot bear to think of that poor young lady left alone here with Mr. Earle. I have spoken to my father about everything being so neglected and uncomfortable, and he has promised me to give Withers some money, and tell her to set things to rights ; but you know what Withers is— if there is no one to look after her, nothing will be done.

"Besides," he added, lowering his voice, "I'm sure he will be unkind to her. There's a screw loose somewhere, and I meant to have found it out ; but one thing is certain, he wants her to go back to France, and if no one takes her part, he will manage it against her will. Father came into my room last night after you were in bed, and when he opened the door I heard some one crying, and I asked him to go and see what was the matter. When he came back he said : 'Earle is badgering that poor girl about something : I could not bear all they said, but I think he wants to drive her back to France.'"

I now eagerly told James of my own suspicions ; and I believe I should have confided to him the story of the intercepted letter, had not a warning look from Dick reminded me that Dr. F—— had expressly forbidden all irritation or excitement. I however agreed to remain in London.

The next morning when the post-chaise came to the door, poor James was in high spirits at the idea of seeing the sea. He whispered to me to be sure to write him word how matters went on, and added : "If Earle bullies, you know you can send for Dick." He seemed pleased at the warmth of Dick's and my parting embrace, and his last words to me were, "I shall work double time for father when I come back !"

Poor, gentle, uncomplaining, unselfish lad ! I understood him too late. I never saw him alive again.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"Question your desires,

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether . . . . .

You can endure the livery of a nun ;

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,

To live a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?—*Ibid.*

Dick returned to W—— the same day, and I was again left alone with Miss Paton. And then began a life of delicious torture which

I—poor foolish lad that I was !—would not have exchanged for any amount of healthy rational happiness that could have been offered to me. Regarding myself as the sole champion of injured innocence, and knowing that my beautiful companion was entirely dependent upon me for every trifling amelioration of the weight of her daily existence, I made it a duty to submit to her every whim or caprice, and resolutely shut my eyes to the selfishness of the tyranny she established over me, until I became her very slave—a slave more degraded because I hugged my chain. I should have been less contemptible had I been deceived as to the character of the lovely despot ; but I saw plainly enough that admiration and pleasure were the end and aim of her existence,—that she was quite indifferent as to the pain she inflicted, or the pleasure she gave to others, except in so far as it reflected upon herself ; and I saw, though I strove to hide it from myself, that I was utterly insignificant in her eyes, and my admiration valueless, except in the absence of homage more flattering.

I became gradually more conscious that she went to chapel to be seen ; that she *posed* at prayers, and demurely delighted in the admiration she excited ; nay, at last I clearly recognized the fact that when she was followed home by some audacious admirer (which happened not unfrequently) she would adopt a bewitching manner to me which she never assumed when we were alone ; and that, although she would profess the prettiest annoyance and distress at the “insolence of such persecution,” she would at such times laugh and talk to me with a vivacity and animation so charming that, even while I knew it to be inspired by coquetry and vanity, it delighted my boyish pride and bewildered and intoxicated my senses. I saw that I was used as an instrument, and played upon merely to display the grace of the performer ; yet I was base enough to glory in such ignominious service, and revel in the consciousness of the envy I inspired. I could not hide from myself the fact that, when Dick came home, Miss Paton had neither eyes nor ears for me. I was then quite forgotten and neglected ; her smiles were brighter and lovelier for him. Yet though I was pained at the change, it never occurred to me to feel angry with Dick. I recognized his innocence in the matter, and felt how impossible it was for him to suspect the difference there was in Miss Paton's behaviour to me out of his sight. Indeed the only thing I can look back upon with satisfaction, as regards my own conduct at this period, is the fact that the tortures I underwent through jealousy did not diminish my affection for him. I did not even blame her in my own heart for preferring him to me, and I rejoiced to hope that the honour and glory of Dick's admiration would render her indifferent to the paltry gratification of seeing herself regularly followed home from mass by a certain aristocratic-looking young man for whom I had a special aversion.

This gentleman had learned to know the usual hours of her attendance at chapel, and was in the habit of taking up his position where he could fix his eyes upon her during the whole of the ceremony. He was an elegant young man, with a certain air of high breeding which annoyed me; and upon him I concentrated all the anger which I ought to have felt against Miss Paton herself; because nothing would have been easier than for her to change the place, or even only the hours of her devotions, had she really objected to his behaviour. I endeavoured at first to intimidate him with haughty defiance of my glance and bearing, but he never appeared conscious of my presence, and continued to fix his bold eyes upon my companion, with an expression which she certainly ought to have resented. At last, I said to her that I wondered she made no attempt to avoid one so impertinent; but she scornfully told me in reply that, since I only accompanied her in order to criticize her conduct, she would go to chapel alone. I was mean enough to apologize, and declare myself in the wrong; but she would not relent, and forbade my attending her to mass for the future.

Dick came to X Court as often as he could, and was not unfrequently accompanied by Captain St. John, who however, upon intimate acquaintance, no longer appeared to me the demi-god I was once disposed to believe him. He had a habit of sucking his stick, which was far from chivalrous-looking, and I discovered that he was neither highly educated nor well read. Still he was always welcome to me. Notwithstanding his superior birth and position, he gave himself no airs of superiority: he shared my admiration for Dick, and was charmed with Miss Paton's beauty and grace, while there was a cordial frankness, and simple, plain-spoken, natural rectitude in him, which often made me ashamed of my own morbid imaginings and cowardly unwillingness to look the truth in the face.

He was the only one of Dick's companions whom he had ever invited to X Court, and I believe he kept the secret of our strange surroundings as carefully as we did ourselves; not that Dick ever asked him to do so, but from an instinctive sense that—as he would have expressed it—"it would not do to talk about it among the fellows."

St. John drove his own horses, and delighted to put them at our service. He would frequently call for us in an open carriage, and in this manner we escorted Miss Paton to many of the sights of London, and made various pleasant excursions to Richmond, Kew, Hampton Court, &c. Nothing certainly could be more opposed to the received ideas of propriety than Miss Paton's position amongst us, yet nothing more innocent in fact. Notwithstanding the intimacy which naturally sprung up between us, we all treated her with the utmost devotion and respect; we were her subjects, and she our queen.

Mr. Earle apparently took no notice of our proceedings, yet he must have been aware of them. I have often wondered since whether he wished that evil might come of it. He certainly never interfered, and even avoided seeing Miss Paton as much as possible; and when in her presence, he had the air of a man absorbed in one idea. At times there was something about him that reminded me of a cat biding her time to spring.

Thanks no doubt to poor James's suggestions, my uncle now kept my purse pretty liberally supplied. Dick had his pay to fall back upon in any emergency, and the household arrangements, though still slovenly and irregular, were somewhat improved since the advent of a young woman as housemaid, who had been engaged by Mr. Earle immediately after Miss Paton's arrival, in order to enable Mrs. Withers to keep herself and her broom out of sight.

One beautiful Sunday in October, when Miss Paton had been nearly six months at X Court, St. John drove us down to Richmond to dinner. After dinner we walked in the park, till Miss Paton was fatigued, and then seated ourselves upon the grass under the trees.

In the course of conversation St. John chanced to say that his sister was to start the next day for a convent in France, where she was to finish her education.

"Oh, Captain St. John," said Miss Paton, with a shudder, "how could you spoil this happy day by talking of convents! I shall fancy I am indeed going back."

"You! were you educated in a convent?"

"I have only very narrowly escaped being buried in one for life."

"In what part of France were you?" asked Dick.

"At Dijon, in the *Couvent des Augustines* there. My mother had retired there, and I was brought up in the convent; so that, never having known any better life, I was content with my fate, poor ignorant child, and it was quite settled and understood that I was to be a nun some day."

"Then what made you change your mind?"

"Oh! Paris—dear Paris! If I had never seen Paris, I suppose I should have remained contented, or at least resigned. My mother had always told me that she had retired from the world, because she had had great sorrows, and was very poor. She wished me to take the veil; and as the sisters were very kind, and I had never known any other life, I took it for granted, as it were, that I must be a nun."

"And how came they to send you to Paris?"

"They did not send me. One of the élèves, Eulalie N——, who had always been my best friend there, was fiancée to the rich Monsieur de B——; and when she left the convent, her parents invited me to accompany her to Paris to be present at the wedding. My

mother did not wish me to go, but I had always been able to make my mother do whatever I pleased."

"No wonder," said Dick.

Miss Paton laughed, and continued: "So I did not mind what mamma said; but the Supérieure forbade my going, and then I was in despair. She said it would make me *mondaine*, and destroy my *vocation religieuse*, as if I had ever had any! But Eulalie was so generous and so clever she managed it for me. We all knew that la Mère was the most avaricious old woman possible, and Eulalie promised her that, if she would only consent to my visit, she would vow the best necklace in her *corbeille* to the poor of the convent. Now the poor of the convent meant, in fact, la Mère; because she managed all those things herself, and always kept back the value of half the offerings that were given. La Mère gave way then; only I had to promise that I would begin my noviciate immediately on my return, and Eulalie had to promise to keep the bargain a secret even from Père Joseph."

"Who was Père Joseph?"

"Our confessor. When Eulalie confessed, she told him of her vow, but said nothing about la Mère's share in the matter; so he said she was a *sainte fille*, and that her vow *lui porterait bonheur*. Oh, how Eulalie and I laughed when she told me!"

"It was rather more generous than pious, was it not?" said St. John, sucking his stick.

"Of course; but after she married, she made it all right, for she told her new confessor, l'Abbé Perin, the whole story. I don't think her *pénitence* was very severe, though; for l'Abbé himself could not help laughing about it, because he had once lived at Dijon, and he knew la Mère well."

"What did Monsieur de B—— say?" said I.

"Oh, Monsieur de B—— is quite a Voltairian. You may be sure he laughed heartily at it; and he is so enormously rich that it could not matter to him. Indeed, he gave Eulalie another necklace just like it, so she lost nothing by it in the end."

"And how long did you stay in Paris?"

"Long enough to learn that there is no life anywhere else; long enough to wonder how I could ever have been such a little fool as to look forward with patience to the idea of being made a nun. Ah! how happy I was! Either Madame N—— and Eulalie received at home, or else we went into society, or to the Opera, every evening. Madame N—— and Eulalie gave me my dresses, for I had only my ridiculous *toilette de pensionnaire*, and Madame N—— explained to me how blind my mother must have been in proposing to sacrifice me as she had intended.

"When the time came at which I had promised to return, I wrote to mamma that my eyes were opened; that every one told me I

should be mad to bury myself in a convent, and that I had made up my mind not to go back. Eulalie offered me a home with her, until I should either make a good marriage or find some means of supporting myself."

"Why, what could *you* do to support yourself?" said St. John, bluntly.

Miss Paton smiled strangely. "There are many ways," she said; "but, if it had come to the worst, I had been offered an excellent position as companion to an old friend of Madame N——'s."

"You a companion!" said Dick; "impossible!"

"*Anything* was better than a convent; to that I had made up my mind. Mamma wrote to me telling me that she had vowed to bring me up to take the veil, even before I was born, in expiation of some early sin; but that since I had such a horror of the life, she would not insist upon it any more still that there were reasons why she could not return to the world herself,—that all her life had been dreadfully unhappy, and that she had no consolation in the world but me. She said too that she felt she had a very short time to live, and that if I would only return and stay with her till she died, she would promise never to say another word about my taking the veil, for that all she cared about was to have me with her to the last.

"But I thought all this was very likely a trick to induce me to go back, and so I wrote just once to refuse; and after that whenever her letters came, I sent them back unopened, that she might see I was quite determined. Then Père Joseph wrote to me that the doctors said mamma could not live many months, and that she desired him to say she had something of the utmost importance to communicate to me before she died. I wrote him a severe reply, in which I told him that I had no intention to be duped into returning to Dijon; and that if mamma had really anything important to say, it was surely worth while to come to Paris to say it. Of course I did not believe mamma was really so ill as they said, or I should have known it was impossible. Then Père Joseph wrote to Madame N——, and of course told his own story his own way; and, would you believe it? not only Madame N——, but even Eulalie turned against me, and said I had no heart, and I was obliged to return.

"When I got to Dijon, however, I found it was all true. Poor, dear mamma was really dying, and at first she did not even know me. When she was herself, I asked her what she had to say to me, and she tried to tell me the history of her life; but she had not strength. Every time she began to speak of it, she cried so bitterly, and her cough was so frightful, that I could not understand her. At last, the very night before she died, she told me that she was not a widow as I had supposed, but that she had been so unhappy that she had left her husband and taken refuge in a convent a short time before I was born. She said too that she was not poor, but that she had property

in her own right, and that when she found I would not consent to take the veil, she had determined to claim it for my sake. Then she said she had written to my father in England, asking his forgiveness for concealing my birth, and begging him to see me put in possession of my property. But he would not even answer her; he had sent her word through Mr. Earle that he would never forgive her, and never acknowledge me. She had even offered to send me to England, but Mr. Earle told her it would make matters worse.

"All this poor mamma told me little by little, and even this I scarcely know how; for she kept dozing off, as it were, and sometimes I had quite to shake her, in order to rouse her and ask her the same question fifty times before she understood; even as it is, she died without telling me the most important thing of all."

"What was that?" said all three listeners.

"She said that Mr. Earle was bound to see justice done to me; but that if he would not do so, I was to go to a relation of hers to whom she had sent her papers and her last will, and she never told me this person's name.

"All through that last night, whenever she opened her eyes and looked at me I asked her, 'Mamma, mamma, tell me the name of the person who will see me righted; mamma, the name, the name!' And indeed I think she often understood, for she seemed to try hard to speak, but she could not; and now I suppose I shall never know. Mr. Earle may know; but I sometimes fancy that he is not really my friend, and so I have not even told him what mamma said. I have only hinted that there are other means, if he does not help me; but, in sober truth, owing to mamma's absurd secrecy until it was too late, there are none.

"Mr. Earle declares he is doing all he can to soften my father's flinty heart; but of course he must be a brute, or why should mamma have left him?"

"Sometimes people don't agree, without exactly being brutes," said St. John, removing his stick for the first time from his lips.

"Oh, I dare say! Very likely my parents were neither better nor worse than others. They were welcome to quarrel of course as much as they pleased; but they might have had the kindness to put my property in safe keeping first. But it is getting late; we had better go back. By the way, gentlemen, Mr. Earle desired me not to speak of my affairs to anybody, so you must all promise to keep my secret."

We all readily promised, and I am sure we all kept our word. We retraced our steps in silence towards the gate leading on to Putney Heath, where St. John's carriage was appointed to meet us, Dick and Miss Paton leading the way. All at once St. John, who had been sucking his cane worse than ever, suddenly stopped short, and said to me,—

"I say, Lovel, damn it, you know!—isn't there something about

honouring thy father and thy mother? I'm not much of a hand at religion, but still—damn it, you know——”

“I do know, St. John, that it was not a very pleasant story to hear, although very prettily told. I wonder what Dick thinks of all this?”

“Oh, he's so head over ears in love with her, he don't see things very clearly. And, after all, perhaps it is scarcely her fault. I suppose one would get half mad if one thought one was going to be shut up in a convent, and so——”

“And so have no feeling for any one else, do you mean?”

St. John was silent.

There was none of the usual light-hearted talk as we drove home. Dick and Miss Paton sat behind, and they were either silent, or spoke in so low a tone as to exclude those on the front seat from their conversation.

I was pondering over St. John's words, “he's so head over ears in love with her.” How often had I told myself that I was madly in love with her? Why then was I so clear-sighted, and Dick so blind? I began to suspect that the difference lay in that Dick loved with all his heart and soul, while I had called that love which was mere sensual passion. When I was alone with Miss Paton, and she chose to exert her power, she swayed me as absolutely as she did him; but through the tumult of my senses, rather than the intensity of my affection, and when the spell of that ignoble intoxication was broken, my true self was unaltered.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, St. John teased his horses—a thing I never saw him do before—and whistled. I looked at him from time to time in the moonlight. His usual *insouciant*, happy expression was changed: he still looked puzzled and disturbed. Perhaps he was trying to remember where he had heard that awkward something about “honouring thy father and thy mother.”

(To be continued.)

## PALMISTRY.\*

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WHY do gypsies so often "tell truly?" How are they enabled to reveal the past in such a surprisingly correct manner? Why are their prophecies so often fulfilled? These questions are frequently asked, and among the many solutions that are offered is the following: Because they are guided in the study of character by laws which are strictly laid down, laws which are as certain and as clear as any of the maxims of physiognomy (to which we all attach more or less faith); truer and more significant than any except the outline-rules of phrenology. That gypsies show an extraordinary *clairvoyance* is beyond dispute. Their successes are too numerous and too well authenticated to be always explained away as coincidences or as "happy hits." The cases recorded in proof of their uncommon skill in discerning disposition and natural endowments are innumerable; and those who know the character of a person are in a position to guess very shrewdly at that person's fate. Not that a particular lot attaches by an inevitable fatality to any mental or moral qualities, but certain natures seem formed with an aptitude for surrounding themselves with a certain set of circumstances. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will;" but to a great extent we make our own fate, and whoever knows us thoroughly, will also know a great deal about our past life, and our future.

Anyone wishing to rival the gypsies in the successful study of character, has only to master the art of palmistry. M. Desbarrolles has collected and sifted their traditional lore and written records, and all the other materials he could find bearing upon his subject, and he has embodied the chief part of the result of his researches in a book called the "Mysteries of the Hand." It was published eleven years ago, and has attracted much attention amongst the general reading public in France, and it is said to have made some little way also with the scientific people. Eight editions of the book came out in the first eight years of its existence. The subject has strong attractions for several classes of minds: amongst them rank first those who aim at being "discerners of spirits,"—practical metaphysicians, if such a term is allowable; and secondly, a much larger number of enquirers, whose motive is a vulgar curiosity with regard to future events. Palmistry will reward both these classes of students, for, as Lavater, in the words of the ancient philosophers, says, "The whole is in every part." The moral nature is complete

\* This paper may be looked upon as a sort of supplement to the one on "Chiro-mancy" published last month.—Ed.

in outline in the hand, and if the gypsies, and others who practise this art, are sometimes at fault, it must be remembered that they are often careless in the application of their rules, and sometimes ignorant of those rules.

M. Desbarrolles devotes a large part of his book to the consideration of chiromnomy,—a system invented by a M. d'Arpentigny. Chiromnomy helps us to judge of character by the form of the hand, and the shape of the fingers. Palmistry also takes account of the shape of the hand and the fingers, but relies chiefly upon the indications supplied by the lines and the mounts of the palm. M. d'Arpentigny's attention was directed to the subject in a curious manner. He lived near the owners of a handsome country-house, where there was a constant succession of visitors. The hostess delighted in the society of artists, and gathered painters and musicians round her. The host was devoted to the exact sciences, and he sought his friends and acquaintances amongst those who shared his tastes. Mechanics, mathematicians, and "practical people," were his chosen guests. M. d'Arpentigny, though neither a Raphael nor a Stephenson, was a friend of both the lady and the gentleman, and he had facilities for observing all their visitors. He was struck by the dissimilarity between the hands of "Monsieur's" friends and those of the friends of "Madame." The artists had generally short fingers that tapered to a point. The men of science had square-topped fingers, with largely developed finger-joints. M. d'Arpentigny resolved to investigate. He went in search of hands, and found various moral and intellectual characteristics always associated with certain forms of finger. He divides hands into three sorts: the first sort have fingers with pointed tops; the second, square tops; the third, spade-shaped tops. (By "spade-shaped" is meant fingers that are thick at the end, having a little pad of flesh at each side of the nail.) The first type of finger belongs to characters possessed of rapid insight into things; to extra-sensitive people; to pious people, whose piety is of the contemplative kind; to the impulsive; and to all poets and artists in whom ideality is a prominent trait. The second type belongs to scientific people; to sensible, self-contained characters; to most of our professional men, who steer between the wholly-practical course that they of the spade-shaped fingers take, and the too-visionary bent of the people with pointed fingers. The third type pertains to those whose instincts are material; to people who have a genius for commerce, and a high appreciation of everything that tends to bodily ease and comfort; also to people of great activity. Each finger, no matter what the kind of hand, has one joint representing each of these types. Thus, the division of the finger which is nearest the palm stands for the body (and corresponds with the spade-shaped type), the middle division represents mind (the square-topped), the top, soul (the pointed). If the top

joint of the finger be long, it denotes a character with much imagination, or ideality, and a leaning towards the theoretical rather than the practical. The middle part of the finger being large promises a logical, calculating mind—a common-sensed person. The remaining joint long and thick denotes a nature that clings more to the luxuries than to the refinements of life. Things will present themselves to such a nature under a lower aspect, and utility will be accounted before beauty. The above description of the types of hands is far from exhaustive, for each type affords indications of many qualities not even mentioned here. This sketch aims merely at giving a rough idea of this part of chiromnomy. It is well to remember that there are "good hands" to be found in each type—hands that are equal to a letter of recommendation for their owners (only, unfortunately, few can read them!); hands—spade-shaped, square, or pointed—that denote splendid qualities of head and heart; but the highest and best hand of the pointed type, will be something better than the best that the other kinds can boast. It must not be supposed that M. d'Arpentigny found no artists with any but pointed fingers, and no men of science with pointed fingers; but it is observable that those with pointed fingers who take to science, invest their chosen subjects with a certain poetical charm; and, in the same way, an artist with spade-shaped fingers will be found to vulgarise art, or, at least, to treat his subjects in a realistic manner, and to see things from a somewhat commonplace standpoint. Some time and experience will be needed by a beginner to construct the idea of the average proportions of a hand. Only departures from this average hand are really characteristic and significant. A hand conforming itself exactly to the representative hand would portend a being without any individuality—a nonentity. The size of the hand should be in proportion to the rest of the person. The length of the fingers should equal the length of the palm. The palm longer than the fingers would indicate a preponderance of matter over mind: the fingers much longer than the palm, a want of ballast—of common sense: the palm and fingers equal, or nearly equal, shows a proper balance between the spiritual and the material.

The three types are varied almost infinitely by the combination of two or more kinds of hands in one hand. There may be square fingers in the pointed hand, or some spade-shaped. A hand may even contain the three types. Again, there are some hands where none of the fingers are quite square-topped, or quite pointed, or quite spade-shaped; where there are squarish points, or pointed squares, and no fingers of the pure type. These transitional hands are called "mixed," and they denote the possession of a portion of the gifts of both of the types represented in them. The hands in which all the fingers belong to one type, "pure and unadulterated," are not often met with. They belong to people who are, if not unnaturally,

at least uncommonly, consistent. It has been said by a novelist, who is a noted student of character, that there is "a curiously mistaken tendency to look for logical consistency in human motives and human actions," but palmistry presents human nature "in its inherent inconsistencies and self-contradictions—in its intricate mixture of good and evil, of great and small."

M. Desbarrolles adopts all that is here set down of M. d'Arpentigny's system, adding to it the study of the palm, in which the principal lines are—the line of life, which runs round the base of the thumb; the line of the head, which begins beside the line of life, between the thumb and the first finger, and crosses the middle of the palm; and the line of the heart, which goes from one side of the hand to the other at the base of the fingers. An unbroken and well-defined line of life signifies good health. A breakage in the line reveals impending sickness, if it be in years to come, or sickness passed, if it be in years gone by. The date can be easily ascertained, as the line of life is divided into portions that represent different ages. Thus: a line is drawn from the middle of the base of the third finger towards the second joint of the thumb, and the point at which it intersects the line of life will mark the age of ten. If the breakage occurs in a grown person's hand at that point, it shows that that person was ill, or met with an accident, when ten years old. If the fault in the line is a little before the point which marks ten years old, then the illness came at the age of nine or eight, and so on, according to the distance from the point. A line parallel to this one, starting from between the third and last finger, will touch the line of life at the point called twenty. Another parallel line, starting from the middle of the base of the little finger, takes you to thirty. The next line goes from the outer edge of the same finger, and gives forty. The line to find fifty starts from a little above the line of the heart. No dot, or cross, belonging to a bygone time, warns or menaces, but such signs would do so if seen in prospect. Palmistry, by forewarning, forearms. There are indications elsewhere, showing what kind of danger to apprehend, and M. Desbarrolles is fond of repeating the old saying, "*Homo sapiens dominabitur astris.*"

A long and well-defined line of the head promises intellectual power. If the line be so long as to go to the edge of the hand it indicates too much calculation—meanness. It should start from the side of the line of life, between the first finger and the thumb, and cross the palm nearly horizontally, losing itself below the third finger, or thereabouts. If the line ends under the second finger, that is to say, about the centre of the palm, it denotes stupidity. If the line be formed of a series of small lines, like a chain, instead of one clear mark, it is a sign of want of concentration of the ideas. A pale line of the head means indecision. If it turn downwards at the wrist,

it indicates a mind that takes a too imaginative view of things. If it be bifurcated at the end, half going downwards, and half continuing in the same direction as the major part of the line, it denotes deceit—double-dealing. This line supplies a great many other indications, but we will now pass on to the line of the heart. If this line be well-marked and if it go from the edge of the hand below the little finger, across the roots of the fingers to the base of the first finger, it promises an affectionate disposition and a good memory. Many mental qualities are promised us by a good line of the heart: it does not merely supply indications regarding the affections. The poetical, or the artistic, or the imaginative, may be inferred as a part of the character foreshadowed by a well-defined, well-coloured line of the heart. A good line of the heart also augurs well for the happiness of its possessor; the gypsies say it is a “good omen.” If this line sends down short lines towards the line of the head, it may be taken to signify that the love of the person will only be given to those who have already earned that person’s respect—that affection will wait upon esteem. If, on the contrary, the small lines go upwards, towards the fingers, then the likings will be impulsive, and instinctive. A line of the heart with a great many breakages foretells inconstancy.

It is well to remember, that a single sign ought not to make us come to a conclusion about any quality, or any trait of character. A great many indications ought to coincide before we come to a decision. A number of different, and even contradictory, signs, have to be weighed and studied, and a balance arrived at, after giving a proper attention to each. The two hands rarely correspond in every particular. Of the two, the left hand is the most important, but due consideration should be given to each, after both have been thoroughly examined. Lines, if pale and wide, announce the absence of the quality attributed to the particular line, or else, the presence of the defect which is the opposite of the quality. For instance, a pale wide line of the heart may indicate the absence of affection, coldness, or it may denote cruelty. To come to a right conclusion as to the precise significance of any particular mark, or indication, reference must be made to the other parts of the hand, and especially to the type to which the hand belongs. No sign should be overlooked.

M. Desbarrolles counsels chiromancers (or palmists) to take hints wherever they are given. With Lavater he says, that voice, and gait, and dress, and handwriting, are not without their significance, but he adds that the signs are more legible in the hands than elsewhere. He is an Eclectic, gladly picking up crumbs of knowledge wherever he can find them, but professing to reap a larger harvest in the hand than in the face, or on the skull, or, in fact, anywhere. A clever hypocrite will deceive even the keenest physiognomist by facial tricks and impostures; but the hands, if not uncontrollable, are, at least,

generally uncontrolled. Sir Arthur Helps makes one of his characters say that some of the leading men in the House of Commons can so divest themselves of expression, that no one can tell, from looking at their faces, whether or no a remark has "struck home." They never wince. But watch their hands! the fingers wrap themselves round each other; they twist and twine: or else, the hands are clenched tightly, as may be seen by the white look about the knuckles. They will be gradually relaxed, and the rigid stiffness will disappear, as the debate glides into smoother channels. Some impassive-looking people banish every outward trace of emotion except one; that is, the reddening, or paling of their nails, as the fingers are pressed more or less strongly against anything that may be under their hand. As for obliterating lines or marks, or fashioning the hand with any hypocritical intent—no one thinks of so doing, if even it be possible.

Each finger, and the mount at the base of it, is named from a planet. In the normal hand the second finger is the longest, the third the next longest, the first nearly as long as the third, and much longer than the fourth, or little finger. Jupiter is the first finger. If it be long and not ill-shapen, and if the mount at its base be well developed, it indicates a noble and lofty character, and a religious-minded person. If disproportionately long it will mean different things according to the type of hand in which it may be found, or according to the type of that particular finger: in the first type, an over-long first finger would denote an inclination to the fantastic or the exaggerated in religious matters; or it might, perhaps, mean religious madness; or, if other signs in the hand favoured this view, it could be taken to denote pride. Pride is a form of worship—the cult of self. In the second type of hand, the excessive development of Jupiter might mean ambition, or, if it were in a hand that was eminently unselfish, it would stand for a something puritanical in manners and morals—a too great severity. In the third type, a very long first finger would probably signify vanity. The second finger is Saturn. If too prominent it announces melancholy, or misanthropy, or downright cruelty, according to the type of hand; but if the finger be within due proportions, this sadness may take the form of pity for others, or it may mean merely a becoming gravity. The third finger is Apollo, and belongs to the arts. In a "pointed" hand Apollo will give poetry and music (composition); in a "square" hand, painting, sculpture (here art leaves the domain of the purely contemplative; it becomes partly active from the combination of manual skill with what is only imaginative); and in a "spade-shaped" hand, Apollo will give histrionic power, an aptitude for acting, or a love of theatrical amusements. On the stage, art is joined in the closest manner to motion. The fourth finger is Mercury. If well proportioned it promises a scientific turn of mind,

resourcefulness, and diplomacy—tact. The thumb is Venus. Chirognomy and palmistry agree in almost all particulars about the thumb. In both systems it is treated as the most important part of the hand. The upper joint, that with the nail, stands for the will ; the second division, the reasoning faculties ; the base, the animal instincts.

As far as he can do so, M. Desbarrolles strives to establish the analogy between the hand, as an instrument, and our spiritual nature. For instance, in the act of grasping anything, the fingers turn towards the thumb ; when giving anything the fingers and thumb separate ; and he says, when laid on any flat surface, a miser's hand will show all the fingers inclining towards the thumb, and an extravagant person's running away from it. It is noteworthy that we use the words "generosity" and "open-handedness" as synonymous. Again, a quarrelsome hand has nails that turn upwards ; a timid hand has nails that shield the extremities of the fingers. For the action of seizing with the nails the latter form would be useless, the former essential. Small lines have their significance, and sometimes a very great significance. A horizontal line on the mount of Mercury announces a marriage, if very deeply marked ; and an attachment, or a flirtation, if the line be less well defined. Lines at right angles with the marriage-line, round the corner of the hand—that is to say, on the flat surface made by the thickness of the hand, the edge of the hand just below the little finger—announce the number of a person's family : how many children they have, or will have.

There are two mounts opposite the thumb. That nearest the wrist is the Moon, giving imagination, an inclination to gentle reverie, and harmony in music (Venus gives love of melody) ; and Mars, immediately above the mount of the Moon. Mars is also represented by a hollow in the centre of the hand. The mount stands for active courage, or, if too strongly developed, for pugnacity ; and the hollow, if not too deep, indicates passive courage—patience, endurance. If all the lines are very bright, it denotes a hot-tempered person ; if of a deep red, a violent disposition ; and if very pale, a cold, selfish character. A soft, fat hand belongs almost invariably to an indolent person, and a hard, firm hand promises an active, energetic, persevering disposition.

Of M. Desbarrolles' theory it is hard to say anything laudatory, except that it is ingenious. His reasons why a given division of a finger, a mount, or a line, should represent some qualities, and not any others, appear obscure and unsatisfactory ; but we cannot allege any reasons for our reliance upon physiognomical signs and indications, yet we attach importance to them. We all accept a good countenance as a letter of recommendation in a stranger ; although we can hardly tell what constitutes its *goodness*, nor what the connection is between particular features, or a particular expression, and a likeable disposition. We may say that experience teaches us that they are

never met with apart ; that no bad man ever had a benevolent face, and no good man a malevolent. If this be a valid plea for physiognomy, then it ought to be equally so for palmistry ; for experience speaks, at least, as well for the latter as for the former. If it be given a fair trial, palmistry will prove itself a trustworthy guide in the study of character. When phrenology was brought forward, its advocates demanded that it should be put to the test of practice ; and thousands were willing to study it, and to attempt to make application of the art. It is not too much to hope that palmistry, which is better deserving of a trial, will be taken up and studied as phrenology was taken up and studied ;—that is to say, perseveringly, enthusiastically. It seems very arbitrary to say that the top joint of the thumb stands for a strong will ; and it is unsatisfactory to say this without being able to explain why it should be so ; but it is equally arbitrary to say that a large chin denotes obstinacy (and although no one tells us why this is, almost every one is ready to vouch for the accuracy of this physiognomical maxim), or to tell us that a certain development of the frontal bone near the eyebrow, indicates an orderly disposition ; but people very generally believe in “the bump of order.”

It requires some industry and courage to wade through M. Desbarrolles' chapters on “Man in connection with the Planets,” or “Kabbala,” and kindred topics, which have a strong flavour of what is called the “Black Art ;” and of what modern mystics tell us about the lore of the Alexandrian Platonists. There is a most unprepossessing air of special pleading running through the theoretical part of the book ; an unpleasant and (seemingly) an uncandid tone about it. The author prides himself on the empirical nature of his system, using the term as representing knowledge gained by experience ; but it is a temptation, when reading “The Mysteries of the Hand,” to apply “empirical” in its more common sense (quack) to his system. Few of those who peruse the book would ever think of chiromancy as other than an ingenious fiction, were it not for the surprising manner in which the art verifies itself when tested practically. Even the foregoing brief and incomplete sketch of it, will, if properly applied, enable people to guess very shrewdly at the tastes and pursuits of any strangers with whom they may happen to be thrown ; and a fragmentary acquaintance with palmistry places us in a position to afford ourselves and our neighbours a good deal of harmless amusement, while a more thorough knowledge of the subject would prove really useful. One of the chief merits of the art is the means it puts at our command for deciding on the disposition and capabilities of children, and of young people past childhood. Many mistakes now made with regard to education, technical and elementary, might be avoided by a careful study of a child's tastes and natural gifts.

E. LYNCH.

## "OVER PHILISTIA WILL I TRIUMPH."

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WASTE scum of an aspiring age,  
Puffed with your own disgrace ;  
Blest owners of a buttoned page  
In glistening gilded lace ;  
Poor frogs that ape with gasp and strain,  
The burly oxen of the plain.

Just energy to hold your own,  
To clutch the goods you prize ;  
Just force to stare your neighbour down  
With blank un pitying eyes ;  
Just vital purpose to beget  
The limp abstraction termed "your set."

"Your set,"—what passport should one bear ?  
A captain's scarlet coat,  
Or to some vagrant Irish peer  
An ancestry remote ;  
A bagman father's hard wrung gain,  
An idle hand, a vacant brain :—

With these you weigh a neighbour's claim ;  
With fuss and fume and strife  
Secure he bears a sounding name  
Or leads a useless life ;  
So you may frankly hold him free  
Of shoddy aristocracy.

I mock me of your feeble mirth,  
Your fatuous dignity ;  
The ancient name, the gentle birth,  
My fathers left with me,  
By Heaven ! I think I'd sell them both,  
Like Esau, for a mess of broth,

Rather than mate with such as ye  
Who clog the cumbered earth,—  
Men shorn of man's integrity,  
Women of woman's worth,

With venal lures to counterfeit  
Their venal sisters of the street.

For me, I stand up face to face  
    With Life's reality ;  
From trammel of your silk and lace  
    I shake my spirit free,  
And own on all the clamorous earth  
No higher rank than honest worth.

For me I work as best I may  
    With hand and heart and brain,  
Content to feel at shut of day  
    I have not lived in vain—  
Content to hear beyond the sun  
The stedfast angels cry "Well-done!"

M. L. HANKIN.

## MEMOIRS OF A CYNIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONTRASTS."

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### VII.

DURING the passage from England to Bombay the opinion I had formed of the estimable attributes of the East India Company's service gradually vanished, and before the ship again reached England, not only was my conclusion confirmed, but I held it to be impossible that any employment under the heavens could be more objectionable than the one I then followed. The captain of the ship, an elderly man, had certainly many admirable qualities, but unfortunately he was seized with dysentery in Bombay, and after a few days' illness died. The first officer succeeded to his post, and the officer of my watch, the one of whom I have so frequently spoken, was elevated to the position he had vacated. Our new captain was in every respect as great a brute as the man who now occupied the place of first officer, and midshipmen as well as men augured badly for the termination of our voyage.

No sooner had our poor captain been buried than a most detestable scene of brutality, profligacy, and drunkenness, mixed up with the caricature of naval discipline I have already mentioned, reigned on board without the slightest restriction. Flogging was of continual occurrence. If the registers of the old East India Company's ships were to be examined, it would frequently be found that the number of punishments with the cat-o'-nine-tails which took place on board one ship in a voyage of fifteen months were more than those in the whole British navy in the present time in the course of one year. Captain L—, one day in company with some other officers, boasted that he had, during a voyage of little more than a year, flogged every sailor on board his ship. His companions quoted an example of another captain whose discipline was still more admirable (?), who had not only flogged every man on board his ship, but several of them twice over. On board our own ship these punishments were frequently carried out for the most trifling offences.

One case I particularly remember of a poor fellow who, besides other punishments, had been flogged no less than nine times, and that in spite of the remonstrances of the two surgeons on board, who stated that he was suffering from kleptomania. The faults for which he was punished consisted in continually concealing, either in a bag or trunk, totally valueless objects, such as a piece of iron hoop, spun yarn, little bits of sail-cloth, an iron bolt, and other things of

the same kind, which could be of no value to him whatever, but which, unfortunately, came under the head of ship's stores, which are considered sacred at sea. The remonstrances of the surgeons were laughed at, and the captain, backed by the first officer, made, on the occasion of one of these punishments, a long speech, principally remarkable for its bad grammar, in which he stated that he considered it a moral duty to cure the misguided wretch of his pernicious habit. I afterwards heard that a young barrister on board the ship, a passenger from Bombay to Singapore, to which place we were bound, attempted to interfere, but had met with a sharp rebuke for his pains.

On one occasion the miserable man had been condemned to receive three dozen lashes for concealing some useless article, and the ship's crew were summoned to witness the punishment. The barrister at the time was on deck, and as the culprit took off his shirt an expression of horror came over his face at the sight of the still unhealed lashes the sailor had received some ten days before. He made no remark, however, and the flogging commenced, the poor sailor suffering dreadfully under the torture. As soon as it was over, and before being released from the grating to which he was fastened, the prisoner called out, "What a shame to treat a poor fellow in this manner! It's infamous!"

The chief officer immediately turned to the captain, and said, "That man ought to have another dozen for his insulting behaviour."

"You are right," said the captain. "Boatswain's mate," he continued, "do your duty."

"Stop!" thundered the young barrister, now coming forward. "I protest against any further punishment being inflicted on that man. By the laws of England the cry of no man in pain is ever taken in evidence against him."

"By the laws of this ship it is different," said the captain. "You may make a very good judge on shore; but let me advise you not to meddle with what does not concern you, or you will afterwards get into deeper trouble than you will easily get out of."

"I again protest against your continuing the punishment of that man," said the barrister, "on the plea you have given; and as for your threat, I hold it in contempt. Now, hear one from me. In all probability at Singapore we shall find a ship of war, and if so, I will immediately apply to the Governor to request the captain to interfere, and let him take what steps he thinks proper. I say again, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for being as ignorant of the duties of your position as you appear to be. And you men," he continued, addressing the crew, "I shall call you forward as witnesses of the protest I have made to your captain." So saying, he left the deck, and entered his cabin.

Notwithstanding the insolent behaviour of the two bullies, the words of the barrister had evidently a great effect on them. They

seemed, however, for some moments puzzled what steps to take. At length the first officer, who was not without some cunning, advised the captain to call the surgeon, and ask whether the man could support the continuance of his punishment. The surgeon, only too happy to give the poor wretch the chance of escaping, pretended to feel his pulse, and then said,—

“In my opinion, sir, he cannot support, without danger, any further punishment.”

“Take him down,” said the captain.

The prisoner was then released, but suffered a similar punishment three weeks afterwards.

It would be very wrong to state that the sailors in the ship were either overworked or badly fed. In one respect perhaps they had too much indulgence allowed them, and that was in the quantity of rum served out to them. In some ships, especially in the navy, trifling faults were frequently punished by stoppage of a sailor's grog for periods varying from a day to a month. On board our own ship this was never the case, the rope's end, or cat-o-nine-tails, was the only punishment used. Again, our captain was one of those who gloried in sending the holiday men from other ships, who visited our crew, back again in a state of helpless drunkenness; and when our own men visited on board other ships, if they had not to be hoisted on deck by a pulley, from their inability to stand, our captain would remark on the meanness of the entertainment they had received. Drunkenness was also carried on among the liberty men on shore to such an extent that it was no uncommon matter in Bombay to find streets, in which the grog shops were principally situated, with half a score of men on the ground, helpless with drink, and a prey to the harpies around them. But in addition to the vice of drunkenness permitted on board the ship, profligacy to an incredible extent was allowed, if not encouraged. On this subject a good deal might be said, but it would be unfit for these pages. Anything, however, more degrading to humanity than the scenes which took place on board our own ship, as well as others in the service, it would be difficult for the most perverted imagination to conceive. Nor were the men alone guilty; the behaviour of the majority of the officers was scarcely less creditable. Boy as I was at the time, I well remember the bitterly sarcastic feelings developed in my mind when contrasting the words of the sermon I had heard the Sunday before leaving England, respecting the manner in which the officers of ships belonging to our merchant princes created so favourable an idea of Christianity in the minds of the benighted heathen.

To continue my own narrative. Although not a word more was mentioned as to my conversation with Maria, the anger of the chief officer had evidently not subsided; indeed, it was perceptible in the continued annoyances and insults he offered me. I very much suspect

these insults were offered on purpose to provoke me to give an angry reply, so that he might punish me afterwards for my disrespectful conduct. If so, he thoroughly succeeded in his policy; and I believe if the records of the ship could still be found in the archives of the old East India Company, my name would appear disagreeably frequent in punishments awarded me for impertinence to commanding officers and disobedience of orders. I am sorry to say a good many of these punishments were deserved, but not by any means the whole number recorded against me. I am now fully convinced that his tyranny to me was purposely practised, as the following circumstance may prove, when I narrowly escaped severe punishment. I insert the anecdote the more willingly as it is only justice to the bully to admit that, with all his faults, he had certainly acquired while in the navy (for I believe no good quality was natural to him) a certain amount of respect for anyone possessed of courage.

One night, when in a hurricane in the China seas, he had the mid-night watch, I, of course, acting under him. Something, I forget what, was wrong on one of the quarters, and he ordered me to see to it. At that time the ship was rolling violently and rapidly, and the spanker-boom, which had got adrift, was sweeping alternately across the poop,\* so as to render it exceedingly difficult to arrive at the quarter. I stood for a moment waiting for the boom to fall to the other side of the ship, so that I could pass to the quarter, when Mr. B—— came up to me.

"Why don't you obey my order, sir?" he said. "You're afraid, I suspect. You're nothing better than a coward, after all."

Stung to madness by this insult, I turned round and exclaimed,—

"You lie; I'm no coward;" and I accompanied my words with so well aimed a blow from the shoulder that he carried the marks on his face for a fortnight afterwards.

He immediately sent for the sergeant-at-arms, and ordered me to be placed under arrest,—not as an officer, confined to my cabin, but with my ankles fixed to an iron bar on deck which prevented my moving.

The next day the hurricane or typhoon had greatly subsided, and the crew were employed in making good the damage which had been done. On the third day I received notice that I was to be tried by a Court of Inquiry for mutiny and assaulting my superior officer. This intelligence gave me great uneasiness, as I remembered the threat the bully had made me, that he would have me, the first opportunity, broken, and sent before the mast. However, there was no alternative—I was a prisoner, and to be tried.

\* For the information of my non-nautical readers, I may mention that the spanker-boom is the one which runs aft from the lower part of the mizen-mast, horizontally over the poop of the ship.

I must say, when I entered the cabin and saw all the officers seated at a table, with the Gospel before the captain for the oath to be administered, the scene made considerable impression on me, and there was an appearance of solemnity about the whole affair I had not before witnessed in the ship, notwithstanding prayers used to be read every Sunday.

The first officer told his tale truthfully enough, as far as the bare facts were concerned. He acknowledged having called me a coward, as he suspected I was afraid to pass by the boom. "And if not," he added, "I submit he was still to blame for not obeying my order with more alacrity."

Two other witnesses swore to the same facts, and the master-at-arms, who held me in custody, testified to the insulting language I made use of to the first officer when arrested.

I was asked for my defence, and said I had none to make. It was perfectly true all that had been stated, I continued, and if I again received a similar offence I should act in the same manner.

"You are making bad worse," said the captain.

"I care not," I said, "what may be the consequence; I say again, that the man who calls me a coward is a liar, and in whatever situation I may be, or at whatever risk, I will say the same thing. As for Mr. B——, I despise and defy him. He may do the worst he can, but whenever I meet him I will tell him the same thing." And here I attempted to draw myself up to my full height, and to wither my tormentor with an expression of indignant fury, but unfortunately at the moment I absurdly damaged the heroic effect I wished to produce by bursting into a boyish flood of tears. And this fact enraged me the more, as I feared he would think I was acting in an effeminate manner; and so, by way of counteracting an effect of the kind, I made myself still more ridiculous by venting on him a torrent of insulting defiance, crying myself in the most stupid manner the while. The captain advised me to be quiet, and the master-at-arms, a rough old sailor, kept pushing me with his foot as a hint to hold my tongue. At length I obeyed, and stood sullenly by at the end of the table waiting for the captain to speak.

"If you have anything more to say, I am ready to hear you," he said; "but from the language you have already used, if you take my advice you will say as little as possible."

"I have nothing more to say," I sulkily remarked.

I was then conducted out of the cabin in charge of the master-at-arms, while the court deliberated. The first officer, my accuser, left it as well. In about five minutes we were again sent for.

"The sentence of the Court," the captain said, "is that you be dis-rated, and sent before the mast as a common sailor, and that you receive in addition two dozen lashes for your mutinous conduct."

I can't say I was altogether surprised at this sentence. I made no

remark, and was on the point of being removed, when the chief officer, to my great surprise, said to the captain,—

"Allow me to say a word, sir. I don't wish in any manner whatever to say anything that may appear to justify mutinous behaviour, as discipline ought always to be maintained at sea, but at the same time I must admit, judging from my own feelings, that the affront I offered, was, to the mind of any English sailor, an insupportable one. I, therefore, trust you will allow me to beg that the sentence be reconsidered and modified."

I was again sent out of the cabin, while they deliberated over the request of the first officer, who this time remained with them.

When called in again, I was informed by the captain that in consequence of the earnest request of Mr. B., my sentence had been commuted. That I was to retain my position as midshipman, but that every hour from sunrise to sunset, I was to go to the maintop-gallant-mast head and report if anything were in sight. This I did for about three weeks, when we arrived at Canton, and my punishment terminated.

It would be tedious to describe further my personal adventures as midshipman in the East India Company's service. Suffice it to say that shortly after our arrival at Canton, I caught an intermittent fever, which confined me to my hammock. So severe was it that for some time I remained equally poised between life and death, and had it not been for the kindness and skill of the assistant-surgeon, a little Scotchman, I should have succumbed to the attack. Thanks, however, to his attention, as well as the good feeling of my messmates, I managed to hang on during the many weeks which elapsed before the ship left Canton. Then the sea somewhat turned the balance in my favour, and I began slowly to recover, and before we had reached the Cape of Good Hope, I was nearly convalescent.

And now my tyrant again commenced his annoyance, offering me some petty insult every time he cast his eye on me. One day, when I was speaking to the head surgeon, he approached us, and asked the doctor why I did not return to my duty.

"Because I do not consider him sufficiently recovered," replied the doctor.

"I consider he is only shamming, and dishonestly throwing on his messmates an unfair share of duty," said Mr. B.

Here the doctor bridled up, and in very explicit terms told the first officer to mind his own business, that he had no authority over him, and that he would not be dictated to either by him or any other officer in the service.

"If you don't speak to me with more respect," said Mr. B., "you will find I am the stronger of the two here."

"Try it when you please," said the surgeon; "either here or on shore, and the sooner you begin the better."

Although certainly a brave man, the bully thought he would rather not carry on the dispute with the doctor, and left us, telling him as he went that I was a shuffler, and too lazy to do duty.

I was so annoyed at this, that the same evening, without asking the consent of the surgeon, I went on duty. Mr. B. took no notice of me, nor did he speak one word during the whole of the watch. And here I found the surgeon had spoken but the bare truth when he said I was not strong enough to go on duty, for before the watch was half over, I was scarcely able to stand. I contrived to remain, however, during the whole of the time, but the result was that the next day I was unable to move. I recovered a little, and then a relapse of the fever came on, and I was again confined to my hammock, where I remained till the ship arrived at Gravesend.

As I was utterly useless on board the ship, the captain gave me permission to leave with the Scotch assistant-surgeon if I was able. To my surprise, Mr. B., the first officer, also advised me to leave, and that in the most friendly manner. At first I could not understand his behaviour, but during our passage up the river, the assistant-surgeon explained it to me.

"He knows perfectly well," he said, "that he is liable to an action for despotic conduct, and more than one case is on record in which juries have given damages in actions of the kind. If your uncle has your interest at heart, he will commence proceedings against him, and you may depend on the evidence of Dr. Thompson and myself."

My passage up the river was on a steamer, which had been, since I was last in England, plying regularly between Gravesend and Billingsgate. As we sailed along I could not help contrasting the different position I was then in to the day on which I joined my ship. I was not embarrassed with luggage on either occasion, but the cause was not the same. On my former journey my sea-chest had already been sent on board, filled to the lid with everything I could require; on my return home, I left my sea-chest on board from the simple fact that there was nothing in it worth carrying away. Everything I had possessed had been either lost, stolen, or destroyed, and the prodigal son on his return to his father could have been scarcely more destitute than myself. Again, the contrast in my appearance then, to what it was now, was equally striking. On the former occasion I presented the appearance of an erect, powerfully-built lad, with a complexion fair enough to have excited the envy of fully the average of young ladies of my own age. I was now debilitated to such an extent that I could hardly walk. My frame stooped, and my complexion was tanned to a deep brown by the elements, combined with the sickly hue of disease. I also remembered the adieux of the denizens of Billingsgate market when I left in all the pride of strength, and began to consider what sort of reception I should receive from them on my return. Bad as it was before, it would

doubtless be worse now. Here, however, I was decidedly in error. Though the market was scarcely less crowded than at the time of my departure, and those engaged in it by no means of a better class, not only was no disrespectful expression made use of, but all made room for me as I passed leaning on the little Scotchman's arm, and, judging from their countenances, many evidently sympathised with me on the state of my health. A miserable virago, who, if not the same with whom I commenced my quarrel on leaving England, might have been her twin sister, remarked to another of the same order as I passed, "Poor fellow, there isn't a fortnight's life in him. It's a pity to see a lad of his age so cut down, ain't it?"

Of course I made no remark, and we continued our road further on; but then I began to feel so faint, my companion had to take me to a druggist's shop to get me a restorative. He then asked the druggist if he could recommend us a quiet hotel, and fortunately he was able to tell us of one but a few paces off. Here I remained in bed for a couple of days while my friend the doctor paid some visits to his relatives in London. At the end of that time he asked what further assistance he could render me, as in the course of a few days he should be obliged to leave for Scotland.

My first idea was to send for my friend Burton, and the doctor went to his house, but on arriving there found that he and his parents had left London for the seaside, and they were not expected to return for another three months. It may possibly be thought that I ought first to have appealed to my uncle, but I did not do so from the fact that I felt exceedingly disgusted with him for the indifference he showed me when I left England. However, the contents of my purse were so small, that I had not sufficient money to pay my bill at the hotel, and, in spite of my own wishes, I was obliged to ask the doctor to call on my uncle. He did so, and fortunately found him at home. Nay more, he must have given a very serious description of my illness, for, to my great surprise, my uncle returned with him. He met me with (for him) great cordiality, and expressed his sorrow at the condition I was in. Although his words were kind enough, there was a certain coolness of manner about him, which seemed to tell he did not feel all he said. After talking with me for some time, he asked what money I had, and where was my luggage. I told him everything I had was either lost or destroyed, and that I should feel greatly obliged if he would supply me with some money. This he readily did, and then paid my bill at the hotel, and after presenting the little Scotch doctor with five sovereigns, he took me to his lodging.

The first day after my arrival at the lodging, my uncle was courteous and attentive enough; the second, a change took place, and he became more indifferent, and during the next three or four days I saw nothing of him whatever. I had too much pride to seek his society, and remained quietly in my room by myself. At the end of

a week my uncle told me he had secured a room for me in a highly respectable boarding-house at Hastings, where I could remain till my health was fully re-established, and then we could talk over my future plans.

I willingly agreed to this arrangement, and the next day started off for Hastings, not by any means sorry to leave my uncle's roof.

## VIII.

I REMAINED at Hastings for more than two months. During the time I did not receive any news of my uncle, beyond his occasionally sending me money, and this was always done in a most formal manner. At last, comfortable as my life was at Hastings, I could not conceal from myself the fact that I was not justified in idling away my time any longer. I wrote therefore to my uncle to inform him of my wish to return, and talk over with him my plans for the future. I need hardly say that I had given up all idea of continuing longer in the Honourable East India Company's service, but what other profession to adopt I could not determine. I wavered between the army, medicine, and law, the two latter having far greater attractions for me than the former. Why I should have thought of medicine I hardly know, unless from the frequent conversations I used to have with the little Scotch doctor, who was an enthusiast in his profession. My liking for the bar arose from the fact of my having formed an acquaintance with a barrister, who, with his family of two sons and two daughters, had been living for some weeks in the boarding-house with me at Hastings. He had also given me a very pressing invitation to visit them when they arrived in London, which I not only accepted, but resolutely determined to keep. I may as well admit here that one of the barrister's daughters had particularly excited my admiration, but as I dare say the reader has had sufficient descriptions of my boyish loves, I will say nothing more on the subject.

My uncle, in his usual laconic manner, wrote word that I could return to London as soon as I pleased, and we could then decide what profession I should enter, as I had set myself irrevocably against commerce.

On the first day after my arrival in London, the subject was not mentioned between us, so I took the opportunity of calling on a friend of the Scotch doctor, to inquire when he would be in town, and to my great satisfaction found he had already returned, and was then at home. He received me in a most friendly manner, and appeared delighted with the improvement I had made in my health.

"And now," said the doctor at last, "what are you going to do? I suppose you have no wish to continue in the Honourable East India Company's service, or should you have any doubt on the subject, let me decide you, and that is never to enter it again.

There is not one in a thousand with constitution enough to have lived through the illness you have had, but were you to go back again to China, depend upon it you would stay there for ever."

I told him I had no intention to enter the service again in any manner, and that I was undecided whether to adopt law or medicine as a profession.

"Well then," he replied, "choose medicine. It is certain that our profession is generally a poor one, and that we have a great deal of hard work and little pay. After all perhaps law is not much better, for although there are in that profession men in receipt of better incomes than in the medical profession, the majority of its members hardly earn sufficient to find salt for their porridge, as we say in Scotland. As a doctor, however, a man is always able to find bread and cheese. Let matters come to the worst, he can always get a berth as surgeon on board a whaler, where he will have his five pounds a month, his food and a cabin. Besides that you will find far more beauties and attractions in our profession than you would in the law. Were a barrister called on to give one half of his exertions gratuitously, as we are, he would think it, and with reason, a great hardship, but I could give you instances of hundreds in our profession who work half of their time gratuitously, and feel a pleasure in doing so."

"All that is very true," I said. "But you see medicine leads to nothing more, after all. You are a doctor at the beginning, and a doctor at the end of your life; whereas in law, you may rise to the highest offices in the State, and become a member of the House of Peers. I believe in the medical profession it would be impossible to quote any one who has ever attained the dignity of being a member of the House of Commons."\*

I remained in doubt some little time longer what profession to choose, my mind alternating between law and physic. Although I intend keeping to my determination not to trouble the reader further with the detail of any of my boyish loves, I must admit that I held the barrister's daughter in great admiration. She was certainly a very lady-like, pretty girl, and, what pleased me much, dressed, though neatly, in admirable taste. In fact, I noticed that dress was almost a passion with her, or rather, that she made a study of it. Nor were her criticisms and animadversions on the subject confined to her own sex, but she would occasionally express her opinion on the dress of gentlemen, who in the course of conversation were brought under her notice. This had the effect, to a certain extent, of making me more particular with my own. So much money, in fact, did I spend upon it, that my uncle, undemonstrative

\* It should be understood that the conversation above alluded to took place some years prior to the passing of the first Reform Bill. Since that time several very talented members of the House of Commons have been medical men.

as he generally was, called my attention to the subject. Although his remarks had their weight with me, another circumstance increased their influence, and to such an extent as to drive all boyish foppery out of my head.

A day or two after my uncle's remonstrance I was engaged to join a pic-nic in the country, at which the barrister's daughter was to be one of the party. That I might do honour to it, I ordered a new suit of clothes expressly for the occasion. As some delay had occurred before I received my invitation, I had only three days to get the clothes made, and I was obliged to request my tailors, Messrs. Schweitzer and Co., of New Bond Street, to make a suit for me with all possible dispatch. Although they had my measure, I insisted on having it taken again so that there might be no mistake about the fit, which in those days was considered a very serious affair. Gentlemen's dress, instead of being, as it now is, loose and convenient, was made to fit exactly to the body, the arms and legs especially. It is related of that most religious and godly king, George IV., that he was so particular on the subject, that when he tried on a coat he would bend his arm, and a tailor's assistant, who stood by armed with a pair of scissors, would cut out all the wrinkles, and the parts were afterwards fine-drawn before his majesty would condescend to wear it. The orders I gave respecting my clothes, if not on the same plan were somewhat near it, so particular was I that they should fit in the tightest manner. They were brought home about half an hour before I had to start for the pic-nic. The suit consisted of a blue coat with embossed brass buttons, yellow waistcoat, and white duck trousers. The coat, and especially the sleeves, fitted to a miracle, and the white trousers were a master-piece, and so closely did they fit that I had some little difficulty in getting them on.

I now started off on foot to the house where a carriage was prepared for some of the party, my flame among them, to go to Hampton Court, the place appointed for the pic-nic. And here my misery began. So great was it, that although I was placed by her side in the carriage, I believe I never passed two hours of sharper torment. The trousers fitted so tightly, it was impossible to sit at ease in whatever position I might take. I tried to put on an air of graceful lassitude, and leant back in the carriage with my legs pushed forward to the fullest extent; but I could not disguise from myself that my figure was constrained in the extreme, and the perspiration pouring down my face. An elderly lady, who sat on the other side of the carriage, noticing my expression of countenance, more than once asked if I were unwell, and added to my confusion by the look of sympathy she gave me. When we left the carriage I received the condolence of several of the party; but once more in an erect position, my inconvenience considerably subsided. This, however, was brought out again with greater force than ever when lunch was

spread on the ground, and we were invited to take our seats on the grass. How to accomplish it I knew not. The only comfortable position I could find would be at full length. I tried all I could to sit down, but in vain. I then determined to play the polite and wait on the company; but stooping was painful to me. At last a spiteful young wretch, also an admirer of the barrister's daughter, discovered the cause of my uneasiness, and politely offered me a penknife to make incisions in my trousers, so as to enable me to sit down at ease, but I angrily declined his impertinent offer. I afterwards found that he had told the whole party in confidence the unpleasant position I was in, and the proposition he had made me, and I could notice a titter on their faces, especially the ladies, every time I came near them. The result was I got intensely angry, and at a convenient opportunity left the party, and strolling away by myself did not return to them again the whole of the day. I remained in the park till nightfall, and then quitted it and purchased a small pair of scissors at a shop in the town. At length, a fitting opportunity having offered, I followed my mischievous rival's advice, and made longitudinal gashes in different parts of my nether garments so as to allow me to be more at ease, and then, as I could not decently in my then condition appear in any public vehicle, I set off on foot for town, where I fortunately arrived before the break of day, so that my singular appearance was observed by no one.

On reflecting, the next morning, over the adventures of the previous day, I felt exceedingly galled at the idea of the ridiculous appearance I had made; and that, too, in the eyes of the individual on whom I wished to make the deepest impression. I never again visited at the barrister's house, and in fact dropped the acquaintance of the whole family. And this proves that I had but little predilection for the study of law, and that I only fancied myself attracted to it by the charms of the barrister's daughter.

Having relinquished all idea of pursuing the law as a profession, I had now to resolve whether to adopt that of medicine. Before definitely deciding on the subject, I determined again to consult my friend the little Scotch doctor. I informed him I had no intention now of adopting the legal profession, and wished to make up my mind fully whether I should adopt that of medicine. I felt strongly impelled, I said, to follow his advice, and wished him to give it me candidly.

"Well, my dear fellow," he said, after a minute's reflection, "I think you cannot do better. As I told you before, in the outset of our profession, especially where you are not backed with private means of your own, a young fellow has many difficulties to contend with, and not the least among them is the obligation to keep up a respectable appearance on very scanty means, though at the same time a living may always be gained provided an individual has a fair amount of professional knowledge and respectability of conduct.

I myself am a devotee to my profession, and would not change it for any other, although, God knows, I have had difficulties enough to contend with in the pursuit of it. I hold that there is something almost religious in the exercise of the medical profession, and no man who has once entered it, and afterwards quitted it, but has occasionally a hankering to return to it, if only to have an opportunity of exercising the doctrine of good works. My countryman, Mungo Park, by the way, was a singular proof of this. He worked hard as a doctor in a poor country district in Scotland. Occasionally, from hard work and little pay he began to feel discontented with his lot, and thought of quitting the profession and following some other. However, the practice continued to present great attractions to him, and he remained for more than a year undecided on the subject. At last one night, when he had retired to bed fatigued with a very heavy day's work, he had hardly fallen asleep when he was aroused by his old housekeeper, who informed him he was wanted to attend a poor woman labouring under the primitive curse, who resided some fifteen miles distant. Mungo Park had no alternative, and saddling his pony himself, he started off across the heath through a drifting fall of snow to the woman's house, fortunately in time to be of use to his poor patient. For this act he received as fee a piece of dry bread, and a cup of buttermilk, and then again mounting his pony he returned slowly to his own house. This was the ultimate cause of his determining to quit the medical profession. He resolved for the future to lead an easier life, and go in search of the source of the Nile,—then, be it understood, a far more difficult labour than in the present day. But his intention to quit the profession was useless, for it clung to him as irresistibly in the hot deserts of Africa as it had done on the bleak moors of Scotland. He could resist no application for medical assistance, and in spite of all his resolution to shake off physis, the love of it continued with him as ardent as ever till his death. And you, my boy," continued the Scotch doctor, "if you only get over the drudgery of the beginning, depend upon it the profession will have as many charms for you as for Mungo Park, and at present for myself."

The little doctor spoke with so much enthusiasm that I caught it myself, and determined to become a member of the medical profession. I inquired of him what steps I ought to take.

"I believe," he said, "the most common way is to put yourself as apprentice to some general practitioner, but I, for one, disapprove of the system. If you take my advice you will enter yourself as pupil in one of the hospitals, and also in the class of some anatomical and surgical teacher. You will thus obtain a far better knowledge of your profession than by mixing up drugs behind a counter, and instead of spending some years in that occupation, you may learn in a few weeks a very considerable amount of scientific knowledge, as

well as medical and surgical practice. Were I you, that is the course I should follow."

I told him I was much obliged to him for his advice, which I should certainly take, as I was fully aware my uncle would offer no objection. I then asked him what hospital, and what anatomical teacher's class I should enter.

"Had you been in Edinburgh," he replied, "I could have given you some good information on the subject, but I am not as well up in matters of the kind in London. Nay more, as the time has nearly arrived when I must again leave town, I shall not have leisure to make many inquiries with you about it. I know, however, Dr. Brooks, the great anatomist, who has classes in Marlborough Street. If you like we will go there now, and I will introduce you to him. He is a very good fellow, and will, I am sure, assist you in every way he can, and advise you which hospital you had better attend, so as to be able to gain the greatest amount of experience and knowledge."

I thanked him for his offer, and we started off for the dwelling of Dr. Brooks, whom we fortunately found at home. I can remember him well now as he came into the room into which we had been ushered. He was a little man, very neatly dressed in black, with knee-breeches and silk stockings, powdered hair, and white cravat. He listened to the description my Scotch friend gave of my qualifications and previous life, and the advice he had given me.

"I think you cannot do better," said Dr. Brooks, "than follow the advice of your friend. I shall be very happy to take you as a pupil in my class, and advise you for convenience sake to enter your name as pupil at the Middlesex Hospital; though, understand me, I by no means claim it as offering greater facilities for study than either St. George's or the Westminster."

I thanked Dr. Brooks for his advice, and told him I should certainly become his pupil, and inquired when I could enter.

"The course has just begun," he replied, "and you can enter at once if you please. But you must excuse me now, for I have an appointment I must keep, and am already behind time."

"As it is as well to be inured to the disagreeable part of the profession as soon as possible," said my Scotch friend, "have you any objection to my showing your new pupil the Museum and dissecting-room?"

"None in the world," said Dr. Brooks, laughing. "Pray make yourselves at home."

Dr. Brooks now left us, and I was conducted by my friend into the Museum, of which, although there were many curious objects, I understood but little. We then went into the dissecting-room. And here the difference of behaviour of my friend and myself was remarkable. He appeared struck with admiration at the sight which presented itself to our view; while I was struck motionless with horror.

There were in the room eight or ten tables, on each of which was spread, in most singular diversity of attitudes, a dead body, and at each one student at least was engaged, while at some of the tables there were two or three. Nor should the scene be compared with a dissecting-room in the present day, for at that time the Anatomy Bill had not been passed, and many of the bodies obtained for dissection had been buried for many months.

My Scotch friend, who had been engaged for some minutes in animated conversation with a gentleman at one of the tables, suddenly turned round, evidently to call my attention to something which especially interested him. Instead of doing so, however, he exclaimed,

"My dear fellow, how pale you are! Why, what is the matter with you?"

"I don't feel very well, and would rather go home," I replied.

He then led me from the room, and calling a hackney coach, conducted me to our lodgings, where he left me.

I shall never forget the horrors of that night. Sleeping or waking, something terrible presented itself to me. And here again, as usual, the absurd contrived to mix up in my mind with the terrible. In contrast with the ghastly scene I had witnessed in the dissecting-room, were the ridiculous adventures of a few days before at the picnic. I tossed incessantly on my bed during the whole of the night, which appeared interminable. Morning at last came, and I arose and dressed myself before any of the inmates of the house were awake. I managed to unbolt the doors myself, and wander into the street. And then the thought came across me that I would visit my Scotch friend, and seeing a hackney coach pass me, I hailed it, and told the coachman to drive me to the doctor's address. No one in the house was up, but I insisted on his arousing them. After some time he succeeded, and a half-dressed maid-servant opened the door. I entered the house, and told her to call my friend, and say I must see him immediately. Then going into the sitting-room to await him, the servant unfastened the shutters, and I remember her giving me a singular look as she left the room. I walked to and fro in it in an agitated manner, till my friend entered, when approaching him, I endeavoured to speak, but suddenly found I had forgotten everything I had to say. He looked at me inquisitively for a moment, and then taking my hand, felt my pulse.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you must go home. Stop a moment, I will go with you. I will be back directly," he continued, as he left the room for a few moments to complete his toilet, and he then entered the hackney coach with me.

From that day for many weeks afterwards, I have not the slightest knowledge of what had occurred, beyond that I had been stricken down by fever, and had remained delirious till the paroxysm was over.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE AND THE POET OF "PARADISE LOST."

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IN connection with the third volume of Mr. Masson's noble *Life of Milton*, much comment has lately been made by journalists and essayists upon the poet's estimate of women and his manner of dealing with them in his great treatises on *Divorce*. The major part of this comment is but remotely and obliquely known to me; much of it not known to me at all (for I have for a couple of years seen but little of the periodicals and newspapers), but a little of it I have carefully read; and I do not hesitate to inform the reader at once that what the reviews, so far as I have looked into them, have told him concerning the *Divorce* treatises is, in a most essential particular, entirely false. This is throwing a point-blank contradiction in the face of writers who ought to have known what they were saying before they spoke; but it will be seen that I am not speaking without book, and that flat contradiction is just what the case demands.

It would be very easy to draw a wide general moral from the fact that such misstatements as I am about to refer to occur in these reading days, and upon a very simple point indeed; but I, for one (if the reader cares to know) may say that I am tired of drawing such morals in these matters. Reviewing literature is absolutely crowded with erroneous criticising which a very little care would avoid; and there was a time, not so long ago, when I used to make myself ill over them, though they were no concern of mine, except as it is every man's concern that justice should be done, and that truth should be told. But I have now settled down in a dreary, if wholesome, sense of the utter hopelessness of getting even intelligent and kindly people to be careful of what they write about other people's writing; and I was not in the least surprised to find reviewer after reviewer upon a false scent in speaking of the treatises in question. Not surprised, I say, though the error committed has all the effect of slander and worse. Much worse; for if Milton had been capable of the injustice which has been laid at his door, it would have been one more fact—and Heaven knows we don't want more of them—to lower our faith in human nature and our hopes of its earthly destiny.

As Milton was the poet with whom in my childhood I was chiefly acquainted, and as what he wrote about women in his poetry was almost all I knew of such writing (outside of the Bible), what I have to say about him in this matter may not unnaturally be allowed

to connect itself with a few reminiscences of my own feelings as a boy towards women and girls. To these we will pass on, after we have done with Milton—if the reader will kindly pardon the bathos.

The question of Milton's general estimate of women is an exceedingly simple one. That estimate was exactly what was natural under the circumstances, quite apart from his special experience as a husband; and it had the sanction of the sacred writings of the Hebrews at every point at which such sanction was possible. It is inconceivable that an honest Puritan, with much muscle in his brain, could think otherwise of women than Milton did. Of late years we have seen scandalously insincere attempts to water away the plain meaning and still plainer suggestion or *aura* of what is said in the Old and New Testament about women. But if a man really manages to get out of the Bible any doctrine about woman, except that she is man's inferior; man's tempter; man's subordinated helper; under a special curse for the fault of Eve; and under a special ban, ceremonial ban too—then I say he is either dishonest or wanting in mental fibre. Subtle and beautiful natures, but afflicted with logical rickets or flabbiness, must be excused for getting just what pleases them out of the records (especially as what pleases them is often extremely beautiful); and dishonest minds will always do what they choose—there is no law for *them*. But the plain truth is, that Milton's estimate of average womanhood did not differ by a hair's breadth from what a Puritan's estimate of women was bound to be. If his own marital experience had been different to start with, his language might have been less harsh than it sometimes seems to modern eyes; but, after all, should we have considered it harsh if we had not known his private history? The answer is not clear. We must take into account that in writing of women as the spirit of his time and as all his most revered authorities fully justified him in doing, he must have well known what he was about, if ever man knew his own business. Milton, living when he did, was perhaps nearer to illustrious examples of female learning and accomplishment than we are. He must have known all that was to be known of Lady Jane Grey and certain distinguished Italian ladies, and have formed his estimate of women in the teeth of that knowledge. It has been said that his Eve is a Puritan housewife, and there is just enough truth in that to give it a sting; but, in truth, his

*"Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,"*

is much more than that, and it was not for nothing that so great a man—with a mind that opened so freely towards Mysticism, as was afterwards seen—made Heaven and Earth consent in the beauty and rapture of her espousals. True, a poet could not do otherwise; but Milton has done it with a will. Often did I, as a child, hear the eighth book of the "*Paradise*" condemned by

Puritan friends, because there was so much of "the flesh" in it. "But this," as Sterne says, "is a vile translation:" and nobody can forget what Milton says, in answer to the accusing angel, who is quite as much like Cotton Mather as Eve is like Mrs. Governor Winthrop. We must bear in mind, by-the-by, that the word "decency" is as much lowered in its signification since Milton's days, as the word "accomplished;" and he tells the reverend gentleman—I beg pardon, the "angel guest familiar"—that it was not Eve's "outside formed so fair," (Eve had left the bower for a while), that enchanted him so much as

"Those thousand decencies that daily flow,  
From all her words and actions mixed with love."

And what woman wants a poet to say anything sweeter of her than this:—

"Yet when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;  
Authority and reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic placed."

Apart from Eve, who had to be put into the poem somehow, and was invented when the poet was elderly, Milton's Woman is just what we might expect in a Puritan young man of severe training, much love of music, and much susceptibility to Italian culture. Wordsworth's Woman, it has been said, is the Mother. Milton's, we may say, was the classic Virgin, just sprinkled at the mediæval font, and inspired by Milton with his own faith in the supreme victory of goodness.

The charge which I have lately seen made against Milton, over and over again, so that tens of thousands of readers must have seen it, is that, in his Divorce treatises, he has maintained the right of the man (under what he believed to be an unrepealed Mosaic statute) to repudiate his wife, and has not allowed *any* such right to the woman. This charge is not only false, it is stupid; as I shall very summarily prove.

Hear the poet himself:—"Lastly: if divorce were granted, as Beza and others say, not for men, but to release afflicted wives, certainly, it is not only a dispensation, but a most merciful law. And *why it should not yet be in force, being wholly as needful*, I know

not what can be the cause but senseless cruelty." This passage does not claim the right for women, but it claims it in the interest of women, and it occurs in the fifteenth chapter of the first treatise.

Again, in chapter nineteen:—"St. Paul enlarges the seeming construction of those places in the gospel, by adding a case wherein a person deserted, which is something less than divorced, may lawfully marry again. And having declared his opinion in one case, he leaves a *further liberty* for christian prudence, to determine in cases of like importance, using words, so plain as not to be shifted off, that a brother or sister is not under bondage in such cases." This is much stronger, and is indeed sufficient. Nor should any reader fail to note how careful Milton often is, in constructing his sentences, to use words that cover the rights of both husband and wife.

Again, in the last chapter of the same book, Milton tells the parliament that if they make divorce or voluntary separation (with leave to marry again) lawful, "they shall set free many daughters of Israel, not wanting much of her sad plight whom Satan had bound eighteen years."

Again, in "Tetrachordon":—"The wife is not still bound to be the vassal of him who is the bond-slave of Satan; she being now neither the image nor glory of such a person, *nor made for him, nor left in bondage to him.*"

Again: "Where the yoke is misyoked—to the grievance and manifest endangering of a brother or sister, reasons of a higher strain than matrimonial bear sway."

Again: "Who [though] of weakest insight, may not see that this creating of them male and female," [though subjecting the woman to the man] "cannot in any order of reason or christianity be of such moment against the better and higher purposes of their creation as to enthrall *either husband or wife* to duties or sufferings unworthy and unbeseeming the image of God in *them*? Now, whereas not only men, but good men, do stand upon their right, their estimation, their dignity, in all other actions and deportments, with warrant enough and good conscience, as having the image of God in them, it will not be difficult to determine what is unworthy and unseemly for a man to do or suffer in wedlock: *and the like proportionally may be found for woman, if we love not to stand disputing below the principles of humanity.* He that said, 'Male and female created he them,' immediately before that, said also in the same verse, 'in the image of God created he him,' and redoubled it, *that our thoughts might not be so full of dregs as to urge this poor consideration of male and female, without remembering the nobleness of that former repetition.*"

Again:—"The law is to tender the liberty and human dignity of them that live under the law, whether it be the man's right above the woman," [as the domestic superior] "or the woman's just appeal against wrong and servitude, but the duties of marriage contain in

them a duty of benevolence, which to do by compulsion against the soul where there can be neither peace, nor joy, nor love, but an enthrallment to one" [no sex mentioned] "who either cannot or will not be mutual in the godliest and the civilest ends of that society, is the ignoblest and the lowest slavery that a human shape can be put to; this law, therefore, justly and piously provides against such an unmanly task of bondage as this." [And] "although there be nothing in the plain words of this law that seems to regard the afflictions of a wife, how great soever; yet expositors determine, and doubtless determine rightly, that God was not uncompassionate of them also in the framing of this law. . . . Should God, who in his law is good to injured servants, by granting them their freedom in divers cases, not consider the *wrongs and miseries of a wife*, which is no servant, though . . . to [her] *by name* he gives no power at all?"

Again:—"This law [is] not unmindful of the wife, as was granted willingly, . . . though beyond the letter of this law, yet not beyond the spirit of charity."

Again:—"Marriage, to be a true and pious marriage, is not in the single power of any person" [no sex mentioned]; "the essence thereof . . . is in relation to another, the making and maintaining causes thereof are all mutual. . . . If then *either of them* cannot, or will not, be answerable in these duties . . . the true bond of marriage, if there were ever any there, is already burst like a rotten thread . . . [God] therefore, doth in this law," &c., &c., &c.

Again, in the comment on 1 Cor. vii.:—"I argue that [either] *man or wife* who [is] not able or not willing to perform what the main ends of marriage demand, is," &c., &c., &c. "The blameless *person*" [no sex mentioned], "therefore, has as good a plea to sue out his delivery from this bondage as from the desertion of an infidel"—the pronoun "his" being here used under a well-known grammatical law.

In referring to the practice of the ancient church, Milton over and over again argues from cases in which the wife was permitted by the church to repudiate the husband. And one of the reasons why I have called these blunders stupid is, that it would obviously have been impossible for Milton to weave the seventh of Corinthians into his Tetrachordon, or four-fold cord, without giving the wife similar rights to those of the husband.

Again:—Milton quotes from the laws of Theodosius and Valentinian, as follows:—"As we forbid the dissolving of marriage without just cause, so we desire that a husband *or wife* distressed by some adverse necessity should be freed by an unhappy yet necessary relief." And after making this quotation, Milton says: "*What drachm of wisdom or religion (or, for charity is the truest religion) could there be in that knowing age which is not virtually summed up in this most just law?* . . . Those other Christian emperors . . . altered the [Roman] law,

if aught, rather to liberty, for the help and consideration of the weaker sex, according as the Gospel seems to make the wife more equal to her husband in these conjugal respects than the law of man doth. Therefore, if a man was absent from his wife four years, and in that space not heard of, though gone to war in the service of the emperor, she might divorce and marry another by the edict of Constantine." And this, Milton goes on to say, giving us his opinion of such a law in an oblique form, "was an age of the church both ancient, and cried up still for the most flourishing in knowledge and pious government since the apostles."

I might make the case for Milton much stronger still by noticing the rapid (often *exceedingly* rapid) implications of his writing; and by drawing out into detail, suggested by these implications, his general doctrine, passionately stated even in the first treatise, that God "hath left all his commandments under the feet of charity." Much, also, might be justly inferred in his favour from the finely apprehensive and often pathetic terms in which he speaks of love and marriage. But it is not necessary. I have proved that in his total teaching on this subject Milton was not unmindful of the woman's side of the question; and I could go on to prove, if there were space, that he stands committed in her behalf to issues as broad as any that Mr. Mill himself could draw out in this respect. I am not here now to criticize the doctrine in these matters; I am simply defending him from charges of unreasonableness and injustice, and it is important on every ground that the truth should be known. I say he was neither unreasonable nor unjust in the sense attributed to him, and it would have been an almost incredible shame and scandal if he had been so.

I now approach Mr. Masson's book with the deepest respect and admiration for its author. His account of these Divorce tracts appears to me such as *must* leave a wrong impression upon the reader, and in other respects I do not follow him. Mr. Masson admits, but only in one place and in terms which do not go far, that in the later treatises, Milton "occasionally leaves the man's point of view, and tries to be considerate about the woman." Whether this admission covers, or anything like covers, my extracts, let the reader judge. But Mr. Masson tells us of the first treatise—what reviewers have unguardedly extended to the whole literature—just this:—

"My last remark is that Milton, in his tract, writes wholly from the men's point of view, and in the man's interest, with a strange oblivion of the woman's. The tract is wholly a plea for the right of a man to give his wife a bill of divorcement and send her home to her father. There is no distinct word about any counterpart right for a woman who has married an unsuitable husband, to give him a bill of divorcement and send him back to his mother. On the whole subject

of the woman's interests in the affair Milton is suspiciously silent." Well, even this is not, as my first extracts show, a defensible statement. Mr. Masson has evidently read chapter xii. of the first book, for he quotes from it; but just let us attend to it more closely. The heading of the chapter is as follows:—

"It is probable, or rather certain, that every one who happens to marry, hath not the calling; and, therefore, upon unfitness found and considered, force ought not to be used."

There is not a word about sex here, and Milton was not so dull as not to see that he could not make good logic of his case if he attempted to limit the outcome of this principle to the man's side. The chapter itself is still clearer:—

"It is most sure that some . . . are destitute of . . . marriageable gifts, and consequently have not the calling to marry. . . . Yet it is as sure that many such, not of their own desire, but by the persuasion of friends, or not knowing themselves, do often enter into wedlock; where, finding the difference at length between the duties of a married life, and the gifts of a single life, what unfitness of mind, what wearisomeness, scruples and doubts, to an incredible offence and displeasure, are like to follow between, may be soon imagined; whom thus to shut up and immure, and shut up together, the one with a mischosen mate, the other in a mistaken calling, is not a course that Christian wisdom and tenderness ought to use. *As for a custom that some parents and guardians have of forcing marriages, it will be better to say nothing of such a savage inhumanity, but only this, that the law which gives not all freedom of divorce to any creature, endued with reason, so assassinated, is next in cruelty.*"

Now "any creature endued with reason" is a phrase that most clearly includes women, and as women are more frequently forced to marry against their will than men, the passage must refer mainly to their case. But, more, far more than this,—was Milton so dull as not to perceive that all this carried with it obvious consequences in favour of women, and some of these consequences stronger than any it carried on behalf of men? I certainly do not believe it; no, not for a moment. The poor man is "not such a fool as he looks."

Once more. This short, but pregnant chapter may suggest to any one who does not see it at once, why the man's right came first, and remained paramount in the mind of Milton. Notice the phrases,—*"the one with a mischosen mate, the other with a mistaken calling."* Now Milton could not very well have written otherwise than this, holding the opinions which, in other respects, he did hold. To this day, indeed, most people hold that, the initiative in marriage being the man's, the first choice being his, certain social consequences follow which women do not consider very favourable to them. How could Milton do other than hold that if there was any right of rejection at all it lay first with the one who initiated the contract and

assumed its most obvious social responsibilities? A little frank thought upon this question will supply what cannot prettily be written here. One of my extracts from the first treatise Mr. Masson quotes, following it up further, and quoting some harshly-sounding words of the poet's; but this criticism is, in my opinion, unjust. We must remember that Milton was a very plain speaker, always; there was often what a French idiom would call a *brutality* about his language, but it only came of his having a small organ of Secretiveness. And, if you had taxed him on these matters, he would have replied, "Nature has made certain differences which involve these results. Those differences are facts—what would you have?"

In other respects Mr. Masson is not as *positively* fair as he meant to be. It is hardly sufficient to observe that in the first treatises Milton omitted all reference to the children and other practical matters, unless you add (which is *not* added) that he deals with them afterwards. Nor is it, I think, true to say that "Tetrachordon" is a dull pamphlet; nor to say, as Professor Seeley once did, that Milton's arguments are out of date. The author of "Friends in Council" does not think so (see "Companions of my Solitude"); and readers of the *Contemporary Review* will remember an article by the late Professor Conington, in which that gentleman, criticising Dr. Liddon, hammered away for several pages at the difficulty in making sense of certain texts in the Gospels; just as Milton did, only he did not come to Milton's conclusion, that the words attributed to the Founder of Christianity are grammatically irreconcilable with any conceivable view of what his meaning must have been.

This brings us to Mr. Peter Bayne, whose otherwise fine article in the above-named *Review* for August last is open to a good deal of adverse comment as to this question. It represents Milton as utterly and harshly unmindful of the woman's case—which we have seen is not true. But Mr. Bayne falls into a trap which Milton's contemporaries did not escape, and into which Mr. Masson and others have followed them. Mr. Bayne says:—

"Of all, except the high intellectual and moral ends of marriage, Milton is loftily disdainful. He assigns to married love all those spiritual joys which seem, as such, to pertain rather to friendship; and the man who cannot love his wife as the sister of his spirit, is permitted, nay, is bound, to give her a bill of divorcement and send her away."

When I happen to read anything so wildly wide of the mark as this is (in my opinion), I feel as if it would be a great relief to be lapped in a short fainting-fit—till the first shock had gone off. The fact is, the critics are all misled by Milton's language about a "fit conversing soul," "a mute and spiritless mate," "due conversation," and the like. But surely they might have noticed other hints which are nearly as frequent and quite as strongly worded. Do they one and

all remember nothing about the "jolliest" things in the "Song of Solomon"? about marriage being the "mystery of joy"? Cannot they remember who wrote the words, "Here lights his purple lamp, here reigns and revels"? Must they needs overlook passage after passage of the most striking kind in the treatises, passages which plainly show that Milton was anything but "disdainful" in Mr. Bayne's sense, and that the iron had gone deep in more ways than one with him? Cannot they remember that he was admittedly a man of great physical energy, eager in his educational schemes for the full culture of the body, proud, in his own haughty way, of his personal beauty and force; and a man who, to use his own words, having lived strictly in youth, had made haste to light the nuptial torch? Do the critics imagine that because Mary Powell was a Royalist, *she* would be the one that would see the beauty of "the purple lamp," and understand "the mystery of joy," and that because Milton was a Puritan he behaved like Mr. Casaubon? Apparently some of them do; at least Mr. Bayne says that Dorothea Brooke and Milton might have made a fitting match; and one of Milton's contemporaries suggested that what he wanted was a wife who could talk to him in Greek. But the secret lies deeper than all this. It is but too plain that his first experience in marriage came to him as a slap in the face (—I speak in metaphor, *not* meaning that Mary Powell hit him—), and that the phrase "mute and spiritless mate" means much more than a mate who couldn't talk Greek. In "Middlemarch" there is a story of a French girl who stabbed her husband because his fondness bored her. Milton would not have cared for Mary Powell's want of Greek (which he must have known before marrying her) if he had not found that his fondness bored her. He does not use the phrase "an image of phlegm" for nothing. It is idle to say, as Mr. Bayne does, that the fault was Milton's. There was no "fault," so far as we can see, on either side. There was a mistake—and the misery was for both. As far as knowledge of the world goes, there is every probability that Mary Powell had a great deal more of it than Milton; and all we can gather about her leads to the presumption that she suffered only, or chiefly, as a worldly-minded woman suffers who knows nothing of the "mystery of joy" in marriage, or any other mystery of joy, but was pretty much like Rosamond Lydgate,—could flourish, like other basil-plants, on murdered lovers' brains, and would talk of "my husband," and her rights in "my husband," just as if he were "my tea-tray" or "my ribbons." To plead for pity for her, as Mr. Masson and Mr. Bayne do, is quite unnecessary, I was going to say false—and half-consciously false—gallantry. *She is pitied—abundantly pitied,*—and her side of the story has been carefully idealized. All the critics must know that the real honest difficulty in the case is to make any headway *on behalf of Milton*. The first impulse, and a very strong and right impulse too, of every man is to take the woman's part; and

as for women, their feeling of resentment towards a fellow like that Milton is bitter and ineradicable. The immense majority of human beings are as incapable as poor Mary Powell of the "mystery of joy;" and neither men nor women in general could be got by a forty-Milton power of eloquence to understand that with him it would not be a question of "taking part" with one side or the other, or of quarrelling or making up a quarrel. I have not the shadow of the shade of the ghost of the phantasm of a doubt that in receiving Mary Powell back, after the two years of separation, Milton acted against the deepest suggestions of his own instincts; and that if there had been any means of thumbscrewing out of him, later on, his most secret thought, it would have been, "I have done an ill thing both for this woman and myself."

That is my rendering of the story—and the reader will please once more to observe that I am not now going about to express general opinions. I will, however express *this* opinion—that after a man has once been guilty of an act of falsehood to his own strongest convictions of the truth of things—such as I conceive Milton to have been guilty of in receiving back Mary Powell (for reasons of kindness and family convenience), all the subsequent procedure of his mind will be specially liable to be flawed with insincerity. I am not saying here that Milton was right in his convictions; all I maintain is, that in the so-called reconciliation (*ah, la belle réconciliation!*) he smothered the deepest of them. *He did.* And in so doing he parted for ever with what he had up to that moment held—the turquoise that turns yellow at the approach of a lie.

During many years of my early life, Milton was the only poet of whom I knew anything in the volume form—and I had not the whole even of him. I think the perfection of his "numbers" must have had its effect upon me; but what chiefly moved me in his writings was the perpetually recurring echo of that one note, in "Comus,"

"Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;"

and among the very first lines that ever I got by heart were these six:—

"Mortals, that would follow me,  
Love Virtue—she alone is free!  
She can teach ye how to climb  
Higher than the sphery chime;  
Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her!"

Apart from all "condescending upon particulars," as the Scotch say, to read Milton but a little was to be, so far, in an atmosphere of intense and almost strained ideality. There is something else. As a Doctrine of Reverence towards God, Justice and Kindness towards men, and Celestial Fellowship among the good, Christianity had a

real possession of me ; but, as Creed and a Story, it had but a faint hold either of my head or my heart. And, looking back, I can *now* see that this hold would have been still weaker but for Milton. His Christianized classicism, or classicized Christianity, was the go-between or intermediate influence which made my mental history as nearly sane as it could be under the circumstances. Say not that a little boy could not enter into such matters—our lives are largely influenced by things that we don't enter into at the time. At all events, I lived day and night in an atmosphere of idealisms of the most passionate kind. I say night advisedly, for when I was nine or ten years old, I used to go to bed early that I might revel with my head under the clothes in visions—

"Planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,  
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense ;"

(—to prevent mistakes, please observe that this is Akenside, not Milton—) and—beautiful women. These were to me simply so much beauty ; but—and it is a mighty *but*—the beauty used to make me ill. On one occasion a pretty young woman—a dress-maker she was, who afterwards married a "reformed" rake, had ricketty children, and shamefully neglected them—was spending the evening with my mother, in expectation of seeing her sweetheart, who was my father's lodger. She wore a very low dress, and her beautiful bust disturbed me so, that, though it was a frosty night, I could not stay in the room, and went out with my heart in my mouth. The fact is—now be sure you laugh at this!—I could not speak when spoken to for palpitation of the heart, so I went out for shame ; and a very bad cold I caught, to the very great anger of my tender mother.

This liability to incredible excitement from even the thought of lovely womanhood—the sons of Belial will please suspend their laughter—continued for years afterwards,—I was then nine. At thirteen I went to my first *regular* situation. I had not been four hours in the lawyer's office, where I was "fag," before the sons of Belial there were doing their best to corrupt me ; but they could tell me nothing that I did not know. A short time before, a stranger had offered to my mother, at wastepaper price, three odd volumes of Ephraim Chambers's old Cyclopædia. The plates were complete ; and I very soon made myself master of all the book had to say upon some topics as to which I had up to that date remained in total ignorance, without making, or attempting to make, even a guess. I was, therefore, more than a match for these genteel ruffians. But I may say that the effect upon my mind of the knowledge I acquired was almost overwhelming ; I was *bouleversé* ; there is no word for it. Only to my previous feelings towards women was now added an amount of pity that used to seem more than I could bear.

Shortly after this, I became ill in a queer, languid way, and had to

keep the bed—to my unutterable misery. I was not ill very long, however, and, as I got better, I found a new life had begun for me. When I was about to return to my situation, my father—as the reader will say most properly, kindly, and wisely—gave me a little lecture of caution and dissuasion about bad company, and the vices into which “youths” so often fall. I interrupted him several times, saying eagerly and even violently that whatever other “youths” wanted (my father was fond of the word “youths”) such advice was not wanted by me. Everybody will understand that this made matters worse, and that the fatherly lecture grew all the more serious. The end was, for the moment, a passion of tears on my part, and—I had better go on frankly with my tale—a threat to leave the house that night, even if I slept in the streets. Of course my mother interfered, and for a time the matter rested; but the wound did not heal, and eventually I did go and engage lodgings for myself away from home.

Of this I will now say no more. But I must go on to add that though there was never any unkindness between my father and me, and though I was—here again I had better be frank—a dutiful son in ways which need not be mentioned, that wound *never* healed; at least there was always a gulf, or rather the mutual suspicion of a gulf, between my father and me. I felt it desperately hard to be no better understood, than all that came to; and in that episode, which ended with the crying fit, began a feud between me and the world, which has lasted to this hour, and still looks lively. And here is the essence of the feud. Although the faith of the Lady in Milton's “Comus” was mine, I never could understand why, for *that* reason, the ascetic or puritan line should be drawn between “the spirit” and “the flesh” (to use unwillingly words hateful to me, and as I believe disastrous in their use by others). I never was conscious of any reason for such a line, and always abhorred the idea of it. Robertson of Brighton has left on record a short account of his feelings towards women when very young:—

“The beings that floated before me, robed in vestures more delicate than mine, were beings of another order. The thought of one of them becoming mine was not rapture, but pain. . . . At seven years old woman was a sacred dream, of which I would not talk. Marriage was degradation. I remember being angry on hearing it said of a lovely Swede—the loveliest being I ever saw—that she was likely to get married in England. She gave me her hair, lines, books, and I worshipped her only as I should have done a living rainbow; with no further feeling. Yet I was then eighteen, and she was to me for years nothing more than a calm, clear, untroubled fiord of beauty, glassing heaven deep, deep below, so deep that I never dreamed of an attempt to reach the heaven. . . . It is feelings such as these—call them romantic if you will—which I know, from personal experience, can

keep a man all his youth through, before a higher faith has been called into being, from every species of vicious and low indulgence in every shape and form."

Now, these feelings were mine (and they still are mine), with this exception, that I should never have flinched from the idea of a beautiful woman's getting married. My feelings towards his "lovely Swede," if I had known her, would have had no thought of marriage in them, but they would have been passionate, though I am sure as full of awe as his, and there would have been no revulsion from the idea of marriage in them. Nor can I understand such a revulsion—though I can quite understand the idea being in total abeyance even (yet why *even*?) in the case of the most intense love between a human couple. And I find on reflection that I have always had towards women—or rather towards woman—emotions of rapture which will not coalesce, or at least which never do seem to coalesce, with such fancies as that of Robertson's about marriage being a profanation. Some such idea seems to run through whole literatures, and to belong to whole races of men and women; but I never had a film of it. You may find it in a diluted form even in Mr. Lecky—indeed you may find it almost everywhere;—I have been knocking my shins against it all my life—I mean against the spirit-and-flesh prejudice. Robertson's account of his own youthful feelings in these matters will stand exactly for mine if you will only add another feeling, which, again, naturally associates itself with emotions of impersonal rapture—such as we must go elsewhere for:—

"These thou shalt not take,

The laurel, the palms, and the pæan, the breast of the nymphs in the brake;  
Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble with tenderer breath;  
And all the wings of the Loves, and all the joy before death,  
All the feet of the hours that sound as a single lyre,  
Dropped and deep in the flowers, with strings that flicker like fire. . . .  
More than these wilt thou give, things fairer than all these things?"

(And Aphrodite was)—

"A blossom of flowering seas,

Clothed round with the world's desire as with raiment, and fair as the foam,  
And fleetier than kindled fire, and a goddess. . . . .  
Her deep hair heavily laden with odour and colour of flowers,  
White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendour, a flame  
Bent down unto us that besought her, and earth grew sweet with her name. . .  
Flushed from the full-flushed wave, and imperial, her foot on the sea;  
And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and the viewless ways,  
And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue stream of the bays."

Now, where is the good, where is the sense of calling this Pagan? You might call it Abracadabrisms, and what then? It would follow that I was an Abracadabran, and yet I was a pure worshipper of woman. Though friendly with at least one morally heterodox person, I would not hold any intercourse with a drunkard, or a loose liver in

these days; and now, — I have outgrown my cruel and wicked Pharisaism, but I am still an Abracadabran. As far as his lights would let him, Milton was—*pace* Mr. Peter Bayne, who is, I maintain, wholly abroad upon this question—an Abracadabran also. Only a very bad Abracadabran could have written the eighth book of "Paradise Lost," or the song of Comus himself. . . . Suppose I were to say, "I care nothing for life and the world around without God and Immortality," would that imply that I was "disdainful" of the beauty and glory of life and nature? Not it. It would still be true that the beauty and glory of life and nature seem to me to *demand* these ideas in the background. Without them, the beauty and glory are as a painted transparency with no light behind it—a thing no one cares twopence for. Just in that vein did Milton write with fury of his demand in marriage for "a fit conversing soul," and his horror of "a mute and spiritless mate." To use language which I repudiate, but which he would not have objected to (living in those days; I believe he would *now*), all his high-flown phrases about this "fit conversing soul" and his trampling down of other matters meant just this:—"The spirit without the flesh is enduring; the flesh without the spirit I will not have on any terms; at least not by legal compulsion." For it must be remembered in justice to Milton, that he everywhere implies what he also expressly says,—*"If any man counsel me to bear this cross, I listen to him as an angel from heaven; but if he would compel me, I know him for Satan."*

Since the foregoing was in type, I am told that two recent reviews have stated opinions of the nature of Milton's trouble which are on the same track as my own (—though stronger, and indeed *too* strong). It must be borne in mind that Mr. Masson thinks it almost proved that the first treatise was written while Mrs. Milton was actually under his roof. In a quarter from which we usually get much better things, one of these reviews is now accused of borrowing the notion from the other, and both are put out of court on the very ground I have ridiculed,—namely, that Mary Powell was young and a Royalist! The idea that because a girl is the belle of a ball-room she cannot also be Milton's "image of earth and phlegm" is one of those absurdities which remind us of the thick coatings of ignorance and inapprehensiveness through which the truth in these matters has got to *bullet* its way, even among cultivated men of the world.

AN IRRECONCILEABLE.

## AN AMERICAN HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

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DURING a tour through the United States last year, Detroit, Michigan, was one of the cities visited by our party, and the two sights for which this city is famed are the gaol and the cemetery. Accordingly we were invited first to go to the prison and from thence to the burial ground. We found it rather difficult to make up our minds as to which place we preferred, for both places were most attractive; the prison was really a comfortable, pleasant place, and the cemetery was so peaceful and beautiful that one almost longed to die in order to be buried in so lovely a spot.

The Social Science Congress about to meet at Norwich proposes to discuss once again the question of prison discipline, and *d'propos* of that discussion, the following description of the establishment and maintenance of the Detroit prison will not be without interest. The principles upon which this institution is founded are worth thinking over, seeing that the results are so admirable,—and the writer is not without hope that those who read this brief account, will at least be less inclined to believe in a system of retaliatory and demoralizing punishment in all criminal cases, as a means of lessening the amount of crime.

From 1857 to 1859 the young and growing city of Detroit, Michigan, was in a deplorable condition as regards crime and criminals. The chronicles of that time show that criminals multiplied with astonishing rapidity and pursued their crimes with impunity; houses were burnt by incendiaries, burglaries were of almost nightly occurrence, assaults and drunken disturbances were rife as soon as it began to grow dark. There were only a very few police, inefficiently organized, and quite unable to cope with the great growth of vice which threatened to overwhelm and ruin the city. The gaol was the only place for the detention of all classes of offenders; it was very small and always full; old and young, all crowded together, formed a school of crime from which the prisoners went forth, saturated with vicious propensities, again to prey on society.

This condition of things was naturally very grievous to the well-disposed and orderly residents of Detroit, and for their own protection they resolved at length to establish a House of Correction to try to check the advancing evil. The promoters of the undertaking were evidently men of an enlightened and benevolent character, and the objects they proposed to themselves in the imprisonment of offenders were to be, 1st. The moral influence to be thrown around the

prisoners; 2ndly, the physical improvement of the prisoners; and, 3rdly, making the prison self-supporting by the labour of the prisoners. These proposals were not received without very great opposition from those who were unable to grasp the grand design of such an institution, and did not believe in it, and who wished to inflict severe punishments in retaliation for the offences of the criminals. But at length in 1861 the House was established with the object of applying to some useful end the powers of a vagrant and vicious class, too indolent to pursue an honest industry, to occupy the position of a home to the friendless who have been tempted to the threshold of crime, and to endeavour to draw into the ranks of good and orderly citizens those who have been engaged in warring against the peace and well-being of society.

Many people may be inclined to consider these aspirations as the vague dreams of philanthropists or the Quixotic ideas of mere enthusiasts, but let us judge of the tree by its fruits. The institution has now been established twelve years, and the report of the superintendent for last year shows some really remarkable results. In regard to the financial success of the undertaking, it appears that although for the first two years of its existence there was a considerable loss, yet on the whole ten years from 1861 an actual profit of \$103,004.50 (about £20,000) has accrued on account of the labour of the prisoners. The year 1871 alone showed a profit of \$34,855 (about £6,600).

The discipline of the prison has naturally been a somewhat difficult matter to deal with under the proposed mild system. The superintendent observes in his report, that for years it has been his study to combine authority and friendliness in the discipline of prisoners. "At last," he says, "some success has been reached. During the last four years a gradual change of discipline has been in process, which consists first in a transfer of the control exercised from the bodies to the minds of the prisoners. . . . This plan proved successful so far as to enable me to dispense with nearly all the means of punishment ordinarily used, such as the shower bath and the dark cell: flogging was abolished soon after the institution was opened. The yoke, bucking, and the whole catalogue of prison barbarities, including a distinctive prison dress, were never used in this institution." In order to educate the prisoners to use the powers of their minds in matters of obedience and discipline, it was necessary to relax or withdraw the existing authority so far as to give freedom to their wills. Of this the superintendent observes, "This was done to a limited extent at first, and more and more as experience seemed to warrant it, until our workshops and schoolroom now present the appearance of a workshop of freemen and a school of citizens, free from a watch-dog supervision." It is somewhat strange to our ordinary notions to hear of criminals being taught that so long as a prisoner or a citizen is governed in his conduct towards the laws

under which he lives by considerations of rewards and penalties, he is inwardly a criminal ; for if the balance of rewards were to seem to him favourable to wrong-doing, his acts would most probably be wrong, his conduct would rest on no reliable basis, and he could not be trusted. But when on the other hand, from a due appreciation of the friendliness of law or from love to the law-giver, or regard for respectability of behaviour which wins the esteem of his fellow-man, he governs himself, then there is a basis of reliance for his future conduct and evidence of moral improvement.

As regards the reformation of prisoners, the system adopted embraces physical, intellectual, and moral considerations. Pure atmosphere, personal cleanliness, neat dress, and an appropriate dietary, are all agents in facilitating reformation of character. Again, it is stated that "the enlarged apartments in which the prisoners are employed are favourable, and the abundance of light and ventilation present a cheerful appearance, the effect of which upon the mind is good. The character of the employment (chair-making and boot-making) requiring, as it does, much swift running-machinery, produces an inspiring effect, and assists to arouse the better energies, while the use of tools in mechanical work calls into activity the calculating faculties, cultivates the power of attention, gives firmness to the nervous fibre of the being, and practises the will in the art of self-control." It is evident that the organizers and managers of this institution are men of keen observation, who well understand how the industrial arts may be made most helpful civilizing influences. There is a co-operative department organized among the prisoners, by means of which each operative is permitted to have a share in the profits of the labour in his department over and above the working expenses. Of this the superintendent says : "The co-operative colony which was organized proved to be frugal and self-sacrificing in their expenditure for food and other personal enjoyments, were generous to a fault in their willingness to receive and to aid unproductive but friendless ones ; they work with industry, with energy, and with that hopeful air of successful citizens so rare with criminals and others working by compulsion."

The educational influence is by no means neglected, the principal object being to discipline the mind and fit it to receive and to evolve in life, the thoughts and principles that constitute their possessors good citizens. The crowning feature of the educational effort is the Saturday evening lecture, at which the whole of the prisoners are assembled. In 1871 forty-six lectures were delivered, and one is astonished to find in the list such subjects as "The Imagination," "Is mind Material," "Astronomy," "The Arctic regions and explorations," "The *Me* and the *Not-me*, or that which is *Spiritual* in man," "Mollusks," "God in Nature," and many more titles which would seem to English people quite unfitted for the minds of prisoners.

And what are the actual results of these efforts? The zealous and large-hearted superintendent tells us that "The prisoners are better workmen, better as regards discipline: indeed there is little need of discipline in the ordinary sense of the word as applied to prisoners. They are governed in their own inward life towards their companions, their officers, towards society, and I trust towards God, by nobler sentiments, more reasonable reflections, and better self-control. Is not this, as far as it goes, evidence of reformation?"

On the occasion of the writer's visit to this House of Correction at Detroit, the scene in the workshop was very striking, considering the circumstances. There were a large number of prisoners all busily engaged with lathes and the necessary tools for turning, all of which would be very dangerous weapons in case of disturbance, and one man alone to act as guard and instructor. The superintendent, Mr. Z. R. Brockway, confidently asserted that there was not the slightest fear of an outbreak, all the operations being controlled chiefly by moral force. If it had not been for the high enclosure wall, and the appearance on the parapet of an armed sentry, it would have been difficult to believe that the establishment was a prison.

In connection with the institution is a separate house, built and supported by the profit of the prisoners' labour, where about twenty of the young women who had been prisoners in the House of Correction, live together, making it their "Home" for an indefinite period. They are trained to strict habits of industry and rectitude, they are educated in the common branches of study, and also in such refinements as may make them indisposed ever to go back to evil courses. They live together very happily, they work hard at sewing, and earn a considerable sum, and spend much of their leisure time in lessons, and every Thursday evening there is a friendly sort of gathering. The matron says, "On this evening the whole family, dressed in their neatest and best attire, and some ten of the longer sentenced, best behaved girls from the House of Correction, all assemble in the parlour and enjoy themselves in conversation and at needlework, to await the coming of the friend who regularly week by week comes at half-past seven to read an hour. On his arrival, after greeting the assembled company pleasantly, as 'young ladies,' he spends the hour in reading selections of poetry, pleasant stories, &c." Afterwards tea and simple refreshments are served, and the evening ends with devotions. Many of the girls have left this Home really reclaimed from vicious habits, and have become useful and respectable members of society.

For reformatory influences, and for wise and beneficent restraint upon criminals, this institution is considered by some to be superior to anything in the world. Detroit is now a well-ordered and delightful city, prosperous in commerce, and, indeed, a centre of intellectual and material energy. And the cemetery (to which we at first alluded),

where peace and beauty reign, seems to be a fitting resting-place for the refined inhabitants of this charming city.

Amongst the numerous doubtfully good institutions of America, in the midst of a youthful society full of selfish strugglings and unprincipled actions, it is encouraging to find an enterprise of so noble a character working its way with undoubted success. It is a beautiful flower of promise, the growth of which tells us that there is a glorious future for the American nation.

And yet in enlightened England we are behind the people of Detroit! We are slow in perceiving the truth. Many of us struggle with it, and have grave doubts as to floggings and hangings and other physical punishments. Think over it, kind reader, and remember that Christ's teaching is to "do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

E. PRICE EDWARDS.

## BROTHERS AND LOVERS.

### I.

VERY comfortable and good-natured and happy looked Madame Ninon, smiling complacently behind her high desk in the *café* of which she was so popular a mistress. For Ninon had a word—rarely an unkind, and never an unfair word—for every one, friend or stranger. She looked altogether as if she liked her work, and liked it better the more plentiful it was. And she had little to complain of on that score, this afternoon of early October, 1870. For not only is “Belle Chance” a *chef-lieu de Canton*, not only does it lie conveniently near the great *Route Imperiale*, running from Paris to the fair city of St. Arznau. Standing well—but not too far—in advance of the wide-spreading forest of Orleans, it formed an invaluable out-post for the army now preparing, with its back thrown against the dense woods, to strike one more blow for France. So Ninon, in her few spare moments, had a busy scene to look at through the broad window by her side. The *café*, as became the *Café de la République*—lately, very lately, the *Café de l'Empire*—formed one end of the long market-place, rising in brave architectural rivalry with the squat old church opposite. But the church was even less thought of than usual to-day, for a regiment of Chasseurs were encamped in front of it, while nearer a body of Zouaves had pitched their dirty little *tentes d'abri*.

So the *place* was lively enough. The horses snorted and plunged, barking the tender trees to which they had been ruthlessly tethered; the blue-jacket Chasseurs and the Zouaves, in their white fatigue overhauls, burnished *chassepots* or cooked strange messes over smoky camp fires; the girls, the loungers, and the *gamins* of the district flitted about, laughing and joking, regardless of the feeble frowns of their elders sitting at the shop-doors. Ninon, albeit an observant and gossip-loving old lady, found little time to enjoy this scene; but there came a momentary lull in business, so when Baptiste finished his billiards and came to his wife's side, he found her, pen in hand, peering over her spectacles at the animated picture. Following her eyes, he saw that they were fixed on one group, of which the central figure was a young woman. Not by any means surpassingly lovely, she was pretty for a French country girl. Her features were neither regular nor particularly attractive when taken singly; but her rich swarthy complexion and dark twinkling eyes gave an irresistible charm to a face that would have been utterly common-place in pink-and-

white. Her head was small, and crowned with massive rolls of glorious hair, possessed of a delicious defiance of bonds and wayward wandering down the neck. If faults could be picked with her face, none could be found with her figure. She was gifted with that perfect development of body and limb which a southern clime bestows at so early an age. She had the merriest little heart and the loveliest little wit that ever French woman could boast of; and they received admirable justice from her ringing laugh and silvery voice. Such was Margot outwardly, as her companions on the *place*—a couple of soldiers, a *garde mobile*, and a morose-looking fellow in a blouse—or any stranger saw; but it will require those who know her best to tell her character, and who should be more able so to do than her old god-mother Ninon, who has tenderly watched her every step since her own mother died so many a year ago?

"Who are those strangers Margot is talking to, Baptiste, I wonder?" remarked the old lady, when she observed her husband by her side. "She must be saying something very clever, or they must be very dull of understanding, to judge by the way she is going on. Witty, too—but she is always that—for not only is Jacques laughing, which is no miracle, but even Pierre has got a smile on his sulky face."

"Not so sulky as you imagine, wife, I fancy. He thinks a good deal—and badly do we want thinkers now-a-days. He won't be found wanting when the day comes. Worth twenty of his capering brother, he is. Those other two are some fellows Jacques has met drinking. They belong to the line, don't they?" asked Baptiste, fumbling in his pockets for his *pince-nez*. "Green epaulettes? Ah! They're foreign legion men, then—Englishmen or Yankees, or some other foreigners. Don't know any French, I daresay, so Margot is having her fun out of them."

"She likes her joke—and all the better for that. There can be no muddy bottom when the water bubbles and sparkles so. She will make a good mate for some one."

"True, wife. Well, well, if I were only a younger man!"

"Baptiste! For shame!" exclaimed the old lady, raising her pen menacingly, while her bright eye twinkled responsive to her husband's rather dim one. "But here comes Pierre: he has had enough of their fooling."

Pierre entered, and bowed respectfully to the host and hostess. He was a tall, well-made fellow, with closely-cropped hair and a heavy black moustache, which concealed the worst element—and it was a bad element in his face—the mouth. His eyes alone belied the expression of the other features. Not that they were good eyes, or merry eyes, or loving eyes, but there was a strange, unexpected, straightforward look in them. Omit them, and you would at once put him down as a thorough scoundrel. Yet Pierre could meet any one with unfaltering gaze,—alike the good old curé, who shook his head at

him pitifully; and boisterous Marguerite, who cut her jokes at him mercilessly. Baptiste was presumably right in believing he thought much; for he certainly talked very little, though what he did say was generally pungent and to the point.

"Good morning, Pierre," said Baptiste. "Your foreign friends seem to have succeeded in knocking a little of their mirth into you."

"Let them laugh. It is the fashion to laugh now-a-days, both sides of the face, turn about. We laugh too much on the right side, just now, not to laugh on the wrong shortly."

"Why not be merry, Pierre? They will fight all the better for it, poor fellows," said Ninon, sympathetic as usual. "But who are these two?"

"Englishmen. Jacques picked them up somewhere. As one can speak French only a little, the other not at all, they come handy for cutting jokes at. And better so—the wit is so poor, the understanding it would spoil it."

"Bitter as usual, Pierre. Why mayn't the young folks have their bit of fun? Margot would never insult strangers come to fight for our poor country. She's a good girl."

"Long may she be so."

"Shame, Pierre. You know Margot would wrong no one. You ought to be the last to run her down if, as every one expects, she will soon be one of you."

"What do you mean?" asked Pierre, with a quick, inquisitive, doubtful glance at the old woman.

"Why, they say she favours Jacques more than any other of her suitors. I am not altogether pleased. Jacques is a charming fellow, but rather flighty for her. If she has a fault, it is want of ballast. I had hoped, now, she might have taken to you."

"Or rather that Pierre had taken to her; she would have returned it fast enough. She has wit to know who will be the great man of the two," interposed Baptiste, emphasizing this covert testimony to his own foresight by carefully poising his *pince-nez* on the top of his rubicund nose.

"Me? What should I do with such a Will-o'-the-wisp?" exclaimed the young man, with a harsh, contemptuous laugh. "She is a heartless flirt, nothing more or less. I am immensely glad Jacques has to go away like the rest. If she won't have him, better give him a chance of forgetting her; if she says she will—why better he should die than have to bear her treatment."

"Nonsense, nonsense," said Ninon; "if any man but you spoke so, I should be angry. Margot is a merry, lively girl, and why not, pray? Must everyone be as dull as you? But she is good as well, and will make an honest, loving wife to any man she chooses. And I'll trust her choice, even should it be Jacques."

"And why should you frighten people by talking about dying?"

Young fellows' hearts don't break so badly. The next maid's kiss is a cement that will soon mend them. Let me see, how often was I jilted before——"

"Baptiste! you are incorrigible. Go and have a game with Pierre, you must not interfere with customers, and here are the two Englishmen coming."

The husband, drilled by long training to obey commands even less congenial, walked off to the billiard table where Pierre was twirling the balls in wondrous fashion with a careless but practised hand, and thinking—as his manner was—not aloud, but in a murmur. Had his host understood these muttered objurgations he would have rejoiced at Pierre's not understanding the remarks of the two foreigners at the next table. So full were they of their pretty subject that they even forgot to lament the absence of pockets or abuse the execrable cushions. Tom Courtenay, whose features were too well known in Oxford to make his quarters there comfortable, and Pat Nolan, to whom Dublin entertained a like aversion, were most exuberant in their praises of the lively Frenchwoman. Words failed even the eloquent Pat when attempting to describe the beauties of his charmer, and he concluded with a sighing anti-climax,—

"How *purty* she talks too!"

"Talks!" laughed Tom; "why you did not understand a word."

"There's the beauty of it. It took ten times longer to make me understand what she meant than to make you understand what she said, so I had ten times longer to look in her *swate* face."

"You designing scoundrel, that is always your cue;—to set yourself up as a miserable exile, with a patrimony of wants and an utter inability to tell them."

"And why not, Mr. Courtenay? Make the women pity you first; they will never really love where they cannot pity. Anything will do—toothache, being plucked, *n'importe*."

"Save your French for Marguerite, Pat; drink to her only with thine eyes."

"And mouth," replied Pat, as they toasted Margot in vermouth.

## II.

PIERRE, remaining only to finish his game, left the café and trudged homewards. *Trudge* is the only word to express his walk,—his step was heavy and slow, his head was downcast, his hands were thrust deep in his pockets, yet there was nothing of the slouch about his gait. He was still engaged in that thinking which had so exercised Baptiste during their game, and enabled him easily to beat the best player in the village. And of what was Pierre thinking? Not of politics, not of philosophy, not of military manœuvres—he was no embryo Napoleon, no budding Gambetta. No, he was but a country serf, with no very bright intellect for all his bitterness, with narrow

views and strong feelings. He thought, as he had thought for many a long day, of Marguerite, and of Marguerite alone. There was very bitter reality underlying his words to Ninon. Dying was to him a little matter when put beside Margot's love. He would have died cheerfully merely to hear her say she loved him; he would kill himself should she say so and then deceive him. And he did think her a heartless coquette, but most unfairly. For he had never betrayed by word, look, or action the love he bore her. It was so great he seemed to think its very greatness ought to wield some sort of mesmeric influence over her; he condemned her because she saw not instinctively the passion he so strenuously concealed. She shunned him, because his pent-up feelings were masked behind taciturnity verging often on rudeness; he denounced her, but he did not know her; he loved her, but credited her with an indifference he had never striven to soften. Yet with what inconsequence did he long for this little flirt to be his, ignoring or careless of the misery she would bring him! For he was a strange mixture of passion and self-sacrifice. He wished Jacques gone because there would be one rival less in the field, but just as honestly that he might be out of the way of this heartless woman. He felt certain she would bring himself misery and ruin, yet would dare all for one approving smile of hers.

So thinking, he trudged down the long straggling street that led from the *place*, between broad fields of stunted vine poles, then sharp to the left through a winding lane, high banked on either side, leading to the lovely wooded park of the lord of the manor. The turreted gables of his antique *château* could be discerned peeping through the distant foliage of the forest which gradually melted away into the flat, uninteresting grape country. The belt formed by the mingling of the two, gently undulating, studded with noble trees and luxuriant with brushwood, was a natural park of great extent and beauty, intersected with numberless secluded and enticing paths. Marguerite's father was gatekeeper at the big house, and his rustic lodge nestled at the farther end of the lane in which Pierre now was. But Pierre did not seek the lodge. If the park were marred, it was by the interference of a considerable farm which jutted in at the corner nearest to the town of Belle Chance. This farm was now occupied by the father of Pierre and Jacques, having been held by their ancestors from time immemorial. Their yeoman blood was older and purer than the courtly lineage of the present lords of the soil. So no wonder that the family of Léon was respected, and one of the sons considered a good match even for such a popular favourite as pretty Margot. The farm-house lay but a short distance back from the lane, the approach beginning within a stone's throw of Marguerite's cottage. This proximity had thrown the young people together from childhood, so that there had ever been some founda-

tion for the neighbourly gossip of the good folk of Belle Chance, which Ninon had that day so positively announced to Pierre.

Pierre was on the point of turning up to the farm, when a rustle among the early-fallen leaves in the ditch suggested a rat, and rat-hunting not even the solemn Pierre could resist. So he chevied his prey down the lane, through the big gates, across the avenue, into a footpath cut through a thick copse. Not the craftiest fox in all Warwickshire could have devised a more cunning escape. For the hunter suddenly stopped and remained motionless, while the rat turning calmly laughed at him from a hollow stump.

But Pierre did not laugh. Away down the lane he saw a figure which, even without the mobile's uniform, he would have recognised as that of his brother Jacques. By his side walked she whose form, whose every lineament and movement, he knew so well,—he would have recognised her in the far distance, in the dim twilight, among countless thousands,—one fluttering inch of her dress, one flying ribbon in her hair, would have been enough for him,—the trip of her foot, the faint echo of her voice, the light glancing from her rippling hair, the touch of her unseen finger would have assured him of her presence. And not only did Margot walk by Jacques' side, she clung fondly to his arm, and the face was turned up lovingly to his. But Pierre was not near enough to note that it was a sorrowful and earnest face, that the eyes were dim and tearful, that the voice was low and broken. He might have changed his mind had he seen this,—perhaps for the better, probably for the worse. He might have thought her nobler, more true, more capable of love; he might only have believed her more thoughtless, more cruel, more deceitful. But the distant glimpse was enough, too much, for him. He saw them enter a little by-path, saw Margot jump from the stile into Jacques' arms, saw him hold her in them a long moment, saw—Then he turned with a tear, hard struggled against, in his eye, and "Poor fool!" on his quivering lips.

### III.

JACQUES himself came to awaken Pierre, wearied with over-much thought and over-deep sorrow. Afternoon had passed away, and the sun was sinking behind the low trees of the orchard. The air had become chill with the chillness of an autumn evening, and Pierre shivered as he stretched his stiff limbs and prepared to go to supper.

"Stay a little, brother," said Jacques, whose voice wavered, and whose eye was dim, "I want to have a talk with you; it is the last night, you know."

"Ay, that it is, lad, but it is cold out here; we shall have plenty of time to-night over the fire."

"Perhaps not; all the neighbours will be in to say good-bye, and father and mother won't go to bed until they see me there, and I

shall have bustle enough to get away at five to-morrow morning ; walk about a little and talk now." He did not mention that someone else was to brave the evening chill and her old father's watchfulness to meet him after supper.

"As you like, lad ; there is not much to say, though. I know you'll be brave and honourable and do your duty, for all our sakes, if for nothing else. I hope it won't be long before we see you back, perhaps an officer with the Legion of Honour. I wish I were in your place ; if it were not for the old folks, I should soon be in the thick of it," and he spoke more honestly than many of his countrymen who talked more bravely.

"I know you would, if you feel as I do. If it was not for looking forward to the excitement of fighting, going away would hurt me far more than it does now. But I have a secret to tell you and a favour to ask you ; it is not much, and I know you are ready enough always to do anything for me."

"That I am, lad," exclaimed Pierre more heartily than was his wont ; and he spoke truly. If ever one brother loved another, Pierre loved Jacques. Many a time as a boy had he taken the blame of Jacques's madcap tricks upon himself,—from many a scrape as they grew up had he extricated him. The roll of this brother's kind deeds was a long one, while Jacques was as grateful as light-hearted, careless natures can be, and quite as unscrupulous about exacting new proofs of friendship. Had he known to what a test he was about to put that love, he might have shrunk from his purpose ; but he had been blinded as effectually as Margot and Ninon and every one else, so he did not hesitate.

"I have such a glorious secret to tell you : I am so happy—if I had not to leave it all. But it will be right enough when I come back. I am to be married when I come back, Pierre."

Pierre staggered, and could only mutter—

"To, to——"

"To Marguerite, brother ; do you not deem me happy ?"

"God help you, Jacques," groaned Pierre, as he wrung his brother's hand, and turned away his head.

"Why, what do you mean ? You are a miserable enough comforter ; I am sure you can find no fault with Margot, you won't show me a better or a finer girl in the Loiret, or out of it for that matter."

Pierre did not speak. Words had come too thick and fast for him to speak at first, and a moment's thought had turned the stream back. Why should he make the poor boy more miserable on the eve of his departure ?—it was settled between them to his satisfaction, and that would send him away with a lighter spirit ; he might be killed like many another as young, and that would make him meet death with a firmer soul ; his love might melt away, after the first

flush of it was over, in the excitement of the war ; at the very least he would come back with more sense and experience of how these things happen in the wide, cold world, with a heart harder and braver under disappointment. Nothing selfish entered into his calculations, though there was the instinctive feeling—as such unworthy of formal recognition—that it would neither change Marguerite's nature nor better his own prospects to try to poison his brother's mind against his sweetheart. This and much more passed through Pierre's mind, but Jacques was waiting for his answer.

"She couldn't find a better than you in the Loiret, or out of it, lad, that I can truly say ; for no man or woman can know you better than I do. I only hope you may both be happy."

"You don't seem quite to like it ; I expected you to be nearly as glad as myself. What is wrong, brother ? You can think no ill of her ?"

"No, no, lad. I do not think she is quite the girl for you, but I may be amiss, as I often am. I have got so fond of looking over walls to see what lies on the other side, that I find myself prying over walls that exist only in my own imagination. It is wrong, I know ; we have real troubles enough in this world to make us turn out of doors those of our own making—and a good many of other people's making too, if we be wise enough and brave enough. I can honestly wish you joy, and Marguerite too ; if I don't appear to be very hopeful about it, put that down to the bad squint my mind's eye seems to have got."

"You'll not speak so when you know her better. But now that I have told you my secret I must ask my favour. I want you to look after my little Margot when I am gone."

"Look after her ! Why, do you mistrust her already ?"

"Mistrust her ? No. But I think it is a shame to leave a woman lonely and unprotected. I want you to cheer her up and talk to her about me. Then the Prussians might come here, there may be fighting—a woman is none the worse for having a strong man she can trust near her at such a time. Besides, she may be true as steel, but that will not prevent men annoying her—especially those foreigners, who are here to-day and away to-morrow, often causing pain enough to the hearts they cannot break. If she tells you any man persecutes her, give him a hint, as I should do. I want to know she has some one to look up to and trust in. You won't refuse me such a trifle as that ?"

For Pierre it was a very bitter and stern moment. The task seemed to him a much harder one than his brother imagined. He did not anticipate that Marguerite would require much cheering up—the absence of one lover would not deeply affect her who had a hundred, and who estimated them all at the same low worth. But he foresaw more thankless work in guarding her from impetuous ad-

mirers. She would flirt and encourage them—why should he warn them off, merely to postpone the day of Jacques's disappointment? The task once undertaken, he would perform fully; and why should he render himself still further displeasing in Margot's eyes, by setting himself up as a monitor, by driving away her lovers, by curtailing her amusements, by continually whispering in her ear "Jacques, Jacques; remember Jacques." Not only was he prevented from urging his own suit—he was too honest to try to win her from his brother whilst they were betrothed—but was asked to watch the safety of another's, to drown his own love that he might advantage another's, to make himself hateful that another might be idolized. It was a very bitter step to take this heart-sacrifice, but Pierre was one of those men who take a fierce pride in such self-torture. He had in him much of the red Indian or the Hindoo fakir; he never took up a line of action but he went through with it to its logical termination, however terrible, however crude, however unreasonable it might be. So he crushed down all his own feelings—his weaknesses, he thought, his love, his tenderness, his compassion, with one very strong and harsh and uncompromising resolve as he turned to his brother and again took his hand.

"Yes, Jacques, I promise you. You may safely trust her to me. If you lose her while she is under my care, you will never see me again in this life. You know what my promise means?"

"That I do, Pierre: and you imagine not how happy you have made me in giving me it. I shall march off twice as gaily to-morrow."

The brothers took a quiet walk up and down the orchard, neither speaking. Then Jacques turned, as if to go; but Pierre stopped him, asking, with all his usual composure:—

"Why do you call this a secret, lad? Why not tell the old folk and Margot's father before you go? They will all be only too glad, and it will make you easier as well."

"We thought of that, but both Margot and I feel it best to keep it quiet until I come back. I hardly know all the reasons we had. Something instinctive, I suppose, made us both decide it was the proper thing. Old Madame Ninon alone will know."

"It does not matter much; you may trust me," was all the elder brother said; but he was more convinced than ever of the girl's duplicity. "She can throw him over without every one casting it in her teeth," he thought.

Ah, poor Marguerite! Are you malignant, or are you so very wicked? You don't look like "throwing him over," as you lie there now in his arms, sobbing as if your little heart were already broken, bidding a last adieu to your soldier boy, with the bright stars and weather-beaten old trees for witnesses of your oft-repeated vows.

## IV.

So Jacques went away south, with some scores of other young mobiles. There were many tears and many farewells at the farmhouse in the early morning. The old father and mother broke down completely. Margot, who came running for a last good-bye, kept up wonderfully, at which her sweetheart, the witness of her grief the night before, when he urged her to be brave, was delighted. Pierre put her conduct down as utterly unfeeling. But he did not see her sitting all alone in her little orchard while he walked with his brother to the station, where there was more crying and lamenting from crowds of relatives, with wishes of "*bon succès*," and appeals to be brave from enthusiastic—if non-combatant—fellow-citizens.

It was quite *à-la-mode* that the train and its freight should be some hours before getting into trim for starting; so midday had passed ere Pierre, having wrung his brother's hand for the last time, returned with the crowd to the town. This influx of people from the station detached a very considerable contingent to the support of the Café de la République; and thus, though the young farmer's long legs had given him a good start, he was speedily relieved from an embarrassing position. For Pierre had found the great room occupied by two women alone. Baptiste had gone with the world to see the departure, leaving Ninon to wait upon any stray customers. She did not find a great deal to do; and it was well, for Marguerite came to pour forth her tale in the ears of the kind old godmother. There she looked for sympathy and comfort and strength; there she found it. Ninon, with womanly tact, soothed Margot by glorifying her betrothed; and raised her spirits by urging her to be worthy of him. She so coaxed and caressed and kissed the little girl—she was but a little, ignorant, simple-hearted girl after all—that tears almost gave place to smiles, and sobs sounded like laughter; while the buoyant young heart strove to rise over "the surf of the present," and dwell only on the deep, radiant calm of the future.

This transformation was in one way unfortunate, for Pierre entering just as it had been completed, found Marguerite in spirits more cheerful than he thought suitable to the occasion. He was a strong-feeling, rough-mannered, demonstrative fellow himself: there could have been no mistaking the presence of a great sorrow in his heart; his face, his manner, would speak more eloquently and truthfully than any words his lips might utter. Unpractised in concealing emotion, he could not detect hidden emotion in others. He was too unobservant of the niceties of look-language, too ignorant of the very signs and symbols of feeling's intricate calculus, to find in every tell-tale feature of Margot's sure and trusty witnesses to a mourning love.

What to him were the tear-dimmed eye, the yet tear-stained cheek, the quivering hard-bitten lip, the quickly-averted head, that almost

any dullard might have seen tossed a big pearly drop from the ends of the long dark lashes, the unsteady voice, the trembling hand, the uncertain step, the unwonted indecisiveness in action, and unrest when quiet? What to him were all these tokens of a great throbbing heart within, swelling up so big, raising tumultuously the broad bosom, choking in the faultless dusky throat, all for love of a far-away soldier boy? He saw only the fictitious cheerfulness that Ninon's condolence and advice called into being; he saw only the false and miserable attempt at mirth that could have deceived no eyes but his own.

The old grandmother, knowing well that nothing distracts from grief like work, made Marguerite help her this busy afternoon. And the little girl struggled hard and bravely. She compelled her legs to trip with something of their wonted nimbleness up and down the little winding stair, her hands to show somewhat of their usual deftness in the fingering of *carafons*; she attempted to dress her face in its old arch smile; she forced her lips to pay back the raillery of the customers—poor enough coin it mostly was—with her quondam sparkling wit; she tried to smile, nay, burst out once into a ringing laugh—whose heartiness no one might question—at some absurdity of Pat Nolan's. Such an effort—when the sorrow is not a heartbreaking one, when the soul is not utterly darkened, without one glimmer of hope—must succeed more or less; and all the more in a healthy, sturdy mind like Marguerite's. Ere it was time to run home, her cheerfulness had much more of reality about it; she had worked herself out of one tiredness into another—out of the lassitude born of grief, into the weariness begotten of many steps; she scarcely remembered the one consolation that had buoyed her up at first, the thought of mounting to her own little garret to have such a good cry over the likeness and other little relics of her absent Jacques. But it came back again as she stepped out of the glitter, and warmth, and hum of the great café into the crisp evening air to walk home with Pierre. For Pierre had waited on, moodily in a corner, with dog-like devotion, until Marguerite pleased to leave. Not that there was anything strange in that. Many a time had he thus waited patiently—neglecting the farm for drink, neighbours said—hour after hour, too often to find that she had promised, or was determined, to accept the escort of a more lively cavalier. But she never guessed that he waited for her, and he was but a gloomy companion, so wherein was she to blame? To-night, however, there was no chance of such a *contretemps*. Margot would not have flirted to-day, or before Ninon and Pierre, had she felt so inclined, but she had no such desire. Her old favourite occupation had lost all charms for her. Who should, who could take her home but Pierre? Was he not to fill Jacques's place—at least as far as protecting, looking after, comforting Jacques's little betrothed went?

Had her lover not entrusted her to his brother, as who should leave his glove under guard of a big, faithful, ignorant mastiff? And was not the brother there, keeping his watchful eye on his charge, ready to show his teeth to all intruders? "Of course I can have no one but Pierre," thought Marguerite, as she peremptorily refused Courtenay's company, and tucked her hand under the guardian mastiff's big paw. The mastiff was not in the best of humours; he was distinctly disagreeable—disagreeable even for him. Bad as he thought the girl before, he had not calculated on such indecent mirth, on such instantaneous forgetfulness of a lover, on such shallowness of feeling, such coldness, deadness of heart. More than once did he ask himself, "Is it worth while trying to keep her for Jacques? would it not be brotherly kindness to try rather to drive her further from him?" But he was afraid—he need not have been, no one guessed his sentiments—of being accused of selfishness; and his loyalty to his brother was strong.

Jacques surely would never think it for his good; why should Pierre break his pledged word, incur a brother's anger, through trying to hasten what was coming surely, quickly enough of its own accord? So Pierre stuck to his task, waited for the heartless coquette, and marched her off home. "If she has one spark of affection, not to say love," he mused, "she will be sure to talk of him on the way, to induce me to praise him, to let me comfort her."

Yes, Pierre, had it only been a light affection, a passing fancy that possessed that girlish heart; had it not been a love too deep for even you to fathom in another; had her grief not been of that silence-compelling, sympathy-despising kind which you deem her incapable of feeling. Catch but a glimpse of the truth, allow yourself for one moment to be undeceived, then will you understand what is meant by that listless talk of crops, and neighbours, and nothing, by that resolute avoidance of the one all-engrossing subject, by that stern hurling back from the lips of what fills the too-full heart. When your own love is greatest, your own anguish bitterest, do you talk to your casual companion, do you talk to your brother of it all? If you speak, is it not of politics, of hunting, of work, of play, of anything rather than Margot? Yes, but Pierre thinks no one feels as he does, least of all the hard, cruel, little serpent who bids him adieu by the gate, with a tearless face and steady voice, going away up into her little room, to sink on the hard boarded floor, to open the flood-gates of that bursting heart, to sob and cry—so bitterly.

## V.

MARGOT soon cried herself to sleep, awaking greatly refreshed, both in body and mind. Why not? That a healthy, high-spirited, pure-minded girl should mope and sulk because of a lover's

few weeks' absence were intensely unnatural. The first pang—albeit a very bitter wrench—must give way to delightful reminiscences, pleasant pictures, happy hopes. Dash the tears away, Margot,—rush bravely into the whirl of duty, and sternly refuse to be morbid. So Marguerite did. She went daily to help her god-mother, the soldiers became as infatuated about her as ever, she soon laughed and talked with sprightly gaiety. Yet, withal, those who knew her best marked a certain staidness and earnestness foreign to the maiden of a very little time ago. Though she began in the evening homewalk to talk to Pierre of the absent one, he shut himself up in his ignorant imaginings, and condemned cruelly his charge through those busy and terrible days.

Terrible and busy days they were. Not many opportunities had Marguerite for flirting with the soldiers Jacques so dreaded. Once only did she allow herself to be escorted home by Courtenay, Pierre being at the moment out of the way—refusing even to take Tom's arm. Once only—for the foreign legion had sterner work the next evening. The sound of distant artillery, which had alarmed Margot as she ran up to the town, drew nearer, the café shutters were closed, the neighbours peeped timorously through the *pince-nez*. They could see the hasty retreat of France's chaotic troops, they watched the last heroic stand of the foreign volunteers behind every wall and at every corner.

Not till dusk did the shattered remains of the legion retire from a hopeless resistance, bloody, grieved, and sullen, into the forest. Then with racket and confusion streamed in the Prussians. Much thundering at doors, and flashing of lanterns, and guttural babble, terrifying the inhabitants out of their little wits, attended the billeting of the new-comers. They swarmed into the *cafés*, into the hotels, into the *patissiers'* shops, into wherever food and drink could be obtained for money. The Café de la République overflowed into the street; and how Marguerite managed to take her orders amid the hurricane of strange sounds, or to execute them in the closely packed rooms, was miraculous. But she succeeded in a way that presaged a roaring trade for Baptiste. The barbarians, like their more civilised neighbours, seemed not to object to good attendance; and though caring little for sullen looks and even studied discourtesy, prefer—other things being equal—ordinary civility. Ninon—no less patriotic than her neighbours—was not foolish enough to disregard such a common-sense view; and resolved that no effort on her part should be wanting to increase Marguerite's *dot* out of Prussian pockets, by gold skilfully extracted by the little *bénéficiaire* herself. So during the next few weeks Marguerite's time was fully occupied in fulfilling this charitable design; gallant officers competed for the honour of a word with the sprightly little damsel, and wondered who the ill-favoured, bad-tempered fellow could be, sitting scowling in a

corner the better part of the day, and carrying off the submissive maiden in such unloving fashion every night-fall. But Pierre cared no whit for their imaginings; he thought of poor Jacques, absent, unheard of—alas! uncared for by the one whose first thoughts he claimed and yearned for. Poor, deceived Jacques! cruel, deceitful Margot! and so Pierre waited for the end.

Another turn—an unlooked-for one—of Fortune's wheel, one more terrible day of thunder and smoke and confusion. Ninon lost her foreign customers; again the Chasseurs and the Zouaves disported themselves between the church and the café. Margot had old friends to laugh and talk with, while Pierre came out of his corner and kept his watch from the of-late-much-abused billiard table. A long watch he had kept, yet could bring no charge but that of youthful liveliness against his ward. But he never relaxed; he watched on.

"*Morbleu!* who would have thought of your missing that now?" exclaimed Baptiste, towards evening, as his adversary broke down over an easy *carambole*.

"Something put me off my stroke, I suppose," returned Pierre, absently; his eyes—and his mind with them—had wandered to the other end of the long room, to Tom Courtenay and Marguerite. True, the foreign legion was always to the front, so Tom's presence was not extraordinary to ordinary mortals. But Pierre read every little action in the light of his own jealous suspicions, and whoever talked to Margot was observed with lynx-eyed pertinacity. So as Courtenay entered the room he broke down in his stroke; thereafter he bestowed but one inattentive eye upon the game until Tom left,—when he threw down his cue with a look and an oath that astonished mild old Baptiste, drained all the brandy from the nearest *carafon*, and rushed from the house. Marguerite, tripping down the winding stair, while her hand lingeringly left a little note concealed in her bosom, just over where her warm, happy heart was beating, saw him go, and shouted, "Pierre, Pierre!" in her loudest and gayest tone. But Pierre heard her not—or if he did, the merry ring of her voice but goaded on his mad flight.

"Where has that stupid old Pierre gone in such a hurry?" she asked of Ninon, who did not know. "Well, I hope he will come back soon, for I must leave early to-night, godmother, father wants me." A twinkle in the bright eye told of a naughty little story.

But Pierre did not come back. He dashed across the crowded *place*, and seated himself upon the church steps, whence, unobserved, he could watch the café opposite. Though his eyes never wandered from the door, his whole frame was agitated; a restless unease marked every action, a frenzied whirl of thoughts found muffled utterance under his heavy moustache, which could not hide the twitchings of the mouth. "At last, at last!" he exclaimed, half aloud, and more than once; "ah, Jacques, poor lad!—and that

villain." Here his hand crept involuntarily beneath his blouse to nestle against something hard and cold in his pocket. He did not sit long thus. Margot quitted the café and turned homewards. Pierre followed afar off among the vineyards.

Down the lane and through the big gates, whereat stood her father's little cottage, tripped Margot, singing, almost dancing, in her exuberant joy. Unseen—but seeing—behind tree and hedge, glided slouchingly the dark, muttering Pierre. Across the avenue went Margot, and down the footpath cut through the copse. Pierre crept to the end of the footpath and cautiously peeped down it. What would he not have given to have escaped that sight? What would he not give to tear from his brain all that that short glance there indelibly printed? A second time he saw Marguerite jump from the stile into a man's arms, a second time saw her held there, a second time—then he turned away; the tear obtained the mastery this time—but now it was the tear of rage and revenge. The man's back was towards him, and partially concealed by the foliage; but Pierre caught sight at once of the blue coat and green epaulette of the foreign legion. That was enough. Pierre fell on his knees for a moment and raised his clasped hands above his head, then dived silently into the thicket. He wound noiselessly amongst the brushwood, until he heard footfalls and whispered voices. He crouched down and waited, while his hand again crept beneath his blouse. In the path—a yard from him—they stopped; he could see, through the branches, a man's broad breast—but Marguerite's head lay thereon. He could see the upturned loving face, the massy coils of hair, the perfect, warm neck, the full bosom heaving with emotion, despite the strong arms that held it tight. No word was uttered for a moment—an eternity. Then Marguerite took a step back, and in the great silence Pierre could hear the whisper, "Dearest, how I love you!" and knew—though a great dimness fell on his eyes and he saw nothing—that the perjured woman who spoke was looking up into a lover's face with eyes full of infinite tenderness and love. The dimness passed away, the man's broad chest was there within reach of his outstretched arm. One moment more—a shot rang through the silent woods, a man fell in the narrow pathway with the life flowing fast away, a girl flung herself upon his body with the stifled shriek "*Jacques, Jacques!*" while over all stood a dark, fierce man, powerless, with glassy stare, unconscious—the worker of an awful crime and fatal blunder—the victim of his own blind passion.

## VI.

A PAINFUL death scene was that in the wood, with the autumn sun setting behind the trees.

"I am going fast, Margot; be calm, dearest; I can bear it better and live longer so."

"Yes—Jacques," was formed rather than uttered by the lips, and a blanched, terrified face was turned upwards to Pierre. Pierre shrunk from that condemning face, such keen torture did its calm, speechless agony inflict. It not only reproached him for his error, it told of deep true love for the dying man; Pierre saw all now—and he despised himself. He turned his head away and sunk down on the ground beside them.

A choking gurgle came in Jacques's throat; Margot sitting down, laid his head on her lap, stroking his face the while, and now and again kissing it. He looked easier, and feebly trying to raise a hand, whispered "Pierre."

Pierre turned fiercely, with a flash of his old bitterness, on Margot.

"Why did you not tell me? I saw him give you that letter, I followed you here, I saw this coat and these——"

"Then you did your duty by me, Pierre. You nobly performed your promise to me—knowing only what you did. Hush, blame not my poor Margot. I would leave you both friends when I am gone."

Marguerite uttered no word, she did not even weep. She but bent down her face in helpless anguish, and kissed the speaker. Pierre wept, his anger was all gone out of him. Jacques spoke again, with painful labour.

"Margot said you left the café ere she had time to tell you, Pierre. And this coat; it is Pat Nolan's. I dared not leave our camp, it is five miles off, in my own uniform—our discipline is strict, Pierre. And I could not be so near without seeing her."

There was another sharp struggle for breath and life, the straining eyes turned upwards to her, to see whom he had risked that life. She wailed, as unconscious, "To see me thus, to see me thus!"

"I expected to see you both, happy and well. The note, Courtenay so good-naturedly took mentioned you too, Pierre. But you left ere Margot had time to tell you. You will forgive each other, if there be ought to forgive, where both meant well?"

He took Margot's hand and laid it, she neither resisting nor aiding him, on his brother's, and then went on—

"You will not say how this happened—it is my last wish and request—explain it in some way. Pierre, you will still watch over Margot, I leave her to you; and you, my darling, when you marry, as you will, I would sooner imagine you happy with——"

Both knew the words that the death-rattle left unuttered. A wild glance upward and around, at brother and betrothed, at the golden woods and the blood-red level sun. A strong man's last struggle to retain within his grasp the world and life and love,—then all was over.

Marguerite sat for a few minutes gazing at the dead head upon

her knees. Then laying it tenderly, timidly upon the grass, she stood upright, her hands clasped before her. Pierre bending down kissed the face; then he too stood upright, facing her.

"Will you, can you forgive me, Marguerite?"

"There is nothing to forgive; *he* said so. If there is, I have forgiven you already; *he* told me to do so."

"But will you not of yourself forgive me? will you not admit I loved my brother, not wisely, but too well? I shall probably die for this, Marguerite; even if I convince justice I did not intend to kill him, I must admit I intended killing some one. As I go now to give myself up, I can go more bravely if I know there is one person believes that morally I am guiltless, that I blundered, but did not sin,—God knows that, but I had rather you thought it."

The girl cowered backwards with a look of terrified wonderment. She spoke with a weird, *far-away* voice.

"What? Give yourself up,—say you did it? Disregard his last wish? Why, that were worse than murdering him; ten thousand times worse."

"Behold how she loved him."

Pierre cast a wondering, submissive glance upon the woman—she had become a woman in these last moments—before him. Jacques' tiniest word was her law. At his command she forgave and screened his murderer. A thought flashed through him, and drove the blood tingling to his face. The thought that there was a wish later than what she had called his last. Would she go so far in dutiful obedience? or was it thus far and no farther? But Pierre crushed down the delusive fancy as one having no right to existence, then or there, and asked submissively,

"Then what shall we do?"

"Make an excuse—*he* said so. We can tell how we found him dying, how he accused a Prussian of it; that will do."

"Marguerite, Marguerite, can I allow you to shield me thus?"

"*He* said it, and he *must* be obeyed. It is my duty to see that he is obeyed. I will kill you and myself too, if you dare to rebel against him."

"I shall obey; what must I do?"

"Tell them to come and bury him;—I shall stay here."

So Pierre left her alone with her dead.

Pierre saw how terribly he had mistaken Margot; he told himself that he could not read her aright, even now. Her conduct was so appallingly strange, her calmness so supernaturally awesome, she was so beyond the ken of his shallow observation, the bounds of his narrow philosophy. Was she mad, or in a fit? Was it apathy or despair or strong will, that kept her so unmoved? He knew not, but this he knew, that she had loved Jacques, and loved his memory with a great and unspeakable love; that she was no shallow, cruel flirt,

but a deep-souled, warm-hearted woman,—and he loved her all the more.

Soon, very soon, when left alone with her dead, the pent-up tears came. The dulness of the first shock gave way to all the acute demonstrations of grief. When Pierre and his assistants returned to the corpse, they could not choose but hesitate in reverent awe before attempting to separate the living from the dead.

Marguerite lay with her arms round his body, one hand holding back the curly hair from the forehead; the cold white face was pressed close against the warm, dusky one, in startling contrast; the lustreless eyes were piercing the blue sky far above, regardless of those tear-filled ones that gazed into them, as if commanding that they should again receive their sight; ever and anon she kissed the slightly-parted lips; unceasingly she wailed and called back her departed one, with every endearing argument that love and despair could fashion. Pierre turned away from the sight, while two old fathers tenderly took up the daughter from the son, and then, homeward,

“They bore him barefaced on the bier,  
And on his grave rains many a tear;  
For he is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed,  
He never will come again.”

\* \* \* \*

The evening after he was laid in his grave, Pierre took Marguerite a walk; fresh air she was sorely in need of, to dry up the tears and brighten up the roses in her cheeks. They stood at the gate to say good evening.

“Marguerite, this must be more than good evening; this must be good-bye for a long time, perhaps for ever.”

“What do you mean?”

“I am going to join the army to-morrow.”

“Oh, no, indeed you must not,” was the calm, commanding reply. “He said you were to stay and take care of me, and you *must*. But I see how it is; you are a coward, you cannot bear the consequences of what you have done; you are afraid to face me and yourself; it is not brave to court death to escape conscience.”

“Indeed it is hard, but that I could bear, heavy though the cross be. But here I have no choice; Jacques would have done it for me. Your honour, mine, the honour of us all, his memory demands it?”

“I—I do not understand.”

“Know you not what they say, Marguerite? What kind friends and neighbours say? They say Jacques was deserting his post, a traitor to duty. He was not that, but he disobeyed orders, he would have been shot in face of his regiment if caught.”

Marguerite nearly fell, Pierre caught her and held her up in his arms—held Margot in his arms! He felt weak and unable to bear the burden at the thought. She recovered quickly, to find him thus supporting her and looking strangely in her face.

"Thanks, I am better now, Pierre; I can stand quite well alone, I assure you. And they say such things of *him*, do they?"

Pierre ventured not to touch her when she no longer required his aid; he felt himself an unclean and abased thing before some bright, spotless divinity. He made answer,

"Yes, they say so. What would Jacques have me do? Must I not go to fight off dishonour from his memory?"

"Yes, Pierre; you are right, you must go. Good-bye." But she turned again immediately and held up her face, saying:

"You may kiss me, Pierre. I will give you his permission thereby; and it will make you remember why and for whom you fight."

All past terrible memories blotted out, all future fearful forebodings vanished—only one moment of unutterable bliss, one glimpse of heaven—for the wretched murderer. He kissed, with reverent awe, the upturned face; then went away to fight for his brother's memory, for her honour, for his house's good name, with one sacred, never-vanishing print of a kiss upon his lips.

JOHN ADAM.

(*To be continued.*)

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## MR. TENNYSON AS A BOTANIST.

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WORDSWORTH, in the supplementary preface contained in the second volume of his works, asserts in the most emphatic way the deplorable ignorance of "the most obvious and important phenomena" of nature which characterizes the poetical literature of the period intervening between the publication of the "Paradise Lost" and the "Seasons." It is to be feared that his opinion is, to a large extent, justified by the facts of the case. A very cursory examination of the productions of the poets who flourished during the seventy years referred to will suffice to show how little they were affected by the manifold beauty and grandeur of the visible universe everywhere around them. In this respect they contrast unfavourably, not only with their successors of the present century, which might have been expected, but with those of the two preceding centuries as well. The latter, whose works embrace a period dating back a hundred years from Milton, display, generally, a much more accurate acquaintance with the appearances and phenomena of the natural world, and spontaneity in the expression of it, than the school of Dryden and Pope, who may be regarded as the most conspicuous examples of Wordsworth's strictures. Of Pope, particularly, it might almost be said that from his writings it could scarcely be inferred that there was much else in existence than courts, and fashion, and scandal—not much, at all events, that was worth caring for. He excelled in the representation of the modish life of the day—its fine ladies with their patches, its fine gentlemen with their periwigs, and its general artificiality. Of nature in its endless continuity, and variety, and mysteriousness, which has stirred the hearts of men in every age, and kindled many smaller poets into enthusiasm, he knew and cared little, and the trim alleys and botanical distortions of Versailles which he has characteristically described, may be taken as typical of his own inspiration on the matter. It may be worth while mentioning, as a pertinent illustration of these comments, that in his poem of "Windsor Forest," with the exception of a semi-patriotic allusion to the oak, in connection with shipbuilding, there is not a reference to a single forest tree, not even to any of those famous historical oaks which abound in the locality. Nature, and simplicity, in truth, had gone out of fashion, and were not much in vogue again till far on in the century.

Darwin, a mere poetaster compared with the genius of Twickenham, is a well-known instance of the opposite defect—of the absence of poetic fire rather than of a taste for the delights of the country. His "Botanic Garden" is a dreary mechanical affair, several degrees

worse and more unreadable than Cowley's "Plants," a century earlier. Both are constructed on an altogether erroneous principle. Science is science, and poetry is poetry, and while, as is well illustrated in "The Princess" and "In Memoriam," the scientific spirit may be distinctly present, yet anything like a formal, didactic attempt at amalgamation is certain to prove a failure.

Although belonging to an earlier date than the sterile period referred to, George Herbert might also be quoted here as a case of poetic talent of a very genuine kind, yet unaccompanied by much perception of natural beauty or picturesqueness. He has sometimes been likened to Keble, a brother churchman and clergyman, but between the two in their feeling and apprehension of the wonders of creation, the difference is singular and complete. Herbert's strong point was spiritual anatomy. His probing and exposure of the deceits and vanities of the human heart, and his setting forth of the dangers of the world to spirituality of mind, is at once quaint and incisive. But of any love or special knowledge of the physical world there is scarcely a trace.\* Keble's poetry, on the other hand, quite as unworldly as that of the author of "The Temple," is redolent everywhere of the sights and sounds of nature. The seasons with their endless changes, the motions of the heavenly bodies, the fragrance of the field, trees, rivers, mountains, and all material things, are assimilated, so to speak, into the very essence of his verse. That very world which to Herbert was only base and utterly indifferent, seemed to Keble, to use his own words, "ennobled and glorified," and awakened in his soul poetical emotions of the highest and purest kind.

It is unnecessary to enter into much detail in order to show, how much more truly than himself, Pope's predecessors, and especially those of the Elizabethan era, were entitled to the designation of poets of nature. Shakespeare, Spenser, the two Fletchers, Milton, and many others, might be adduced in confirmation. With reference to botany, it is evident that the greatest of the tribe, in his universality of knowledge, flowing over into every region of human research, was well acquainted with the subject in its two-fold aspect—trees and flowers. Many beautiful floral descriptions occur in the plays, and although the arboricultural allusions are less frequent, they are sufficiently numerous to justify the belief that his knowledge was both extensive and accurate. Perhaps the most important passage of the kind is where Crammer, "dilating on a wind of prophecy," portrays, under the figure of a "mountain cedar," the future glories of the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor.† Milton has many striking

\* One of his biographers has discovered a solitary verse, on the faith of which he complacently assumes that Herbert "was thoroughly alive to the sweet influences of nature."

† Commentators affirm Ben Jonson to be the author of the lines referred to.

and appropriate images borrowed from trees. His artistic use of the pine as a simile for Satan's spear,

"to equal which the tallest pine,  
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand ;"

and the comparison of the rebel host to blasted pines, are fine examples of the poetical transmutation of botanical knowledge. Still finer is the exquisite description in "Lycidas" of the vernal flowers strewn on the hearse of his lamented friend. And, not to multiply quotations further, the vale of Vallombrosa has been immortalized for ever by three lines in "Paradise Lost."\*

In later poetry, not of the present century, Shenstone and Cowper were both genuine lovers of nature, and their works abound with passages relating to rural pleasures and scenery. Cowper, indeed, might be styled *par excellence* the poet of the country. No one ever believed more thoroughly than himself in his own epigrammatic line,

"God made the country, and man made the town."

The revolution in the poetical taste of the time, afterwards consummated by Wordsworth, was mainly initiated by the recluse of Olney. In Shenstone's poems, now, it is to be feared, little read, there are some verses bearing on the subject of this essay which have a curious resemblance to Mr. Tennyson's famous song, "Come into the garden, Maud." We quote eight lines to be found in the piece designated a "Pastoral Ballad, in Four Parts ;"—

"From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,  
What strains of wild melody flow !  
How the nightingales warble their loves  
From thickets of roses that blow !

\* \* \* \* \*

"Then the lily no longer is white ;  
Then the rose is deprived of its bloom ;  
Then the violets die with despoite,  
And the woodbines give up their perfume."

The ring and manner of this is very similar to Mr. Tennyson's composition, and although the measure is a little different, these verses might be interpolated in the modern song without in the least impairing its harmony, or affecting its verisimilitude.

\* "Till on the beach  
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd  
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranc'd,  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa."

The most distinguished names in the list of the natural poets of the present century are undoubtedly Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, and Mr. Tennyson. Of the two former it may be said in passing that they have probably done more than anybody else to foster the modern idea of nature, and the love of wild and picturesque scenery. Our business, however, is more particularly with Mr. Tennyson, and with the evidences of botanical knowledge to be found in his works, that part of botany at least relating to trees. These allusions, we apprehend, are more numerous, and show more insight, and acquaintance with the forms, and processes, and changes characteristic of the inhabitants of the forest than those of any other modern author. His verse in this respect differs from other descriptive poetry chiefly in this, that his notices are not general appellations or similitudes applicable equally to any or all trees, but are specific, exact, and true only in the particular case. Thomson, for example, in the "Seasons," is, in general, curiously vague in his descriptions. He generalizes constantly, and presents his readers with broad effects sketched *en masse*, instead of individual details. Such phrases as "sylvan glades," "vocal groves," "umbrageous shades," and the like, frequently occur, doing duty in place of more minute representations. Mr. Tennyson, on the other hand, and Sir Walter and Wordsworth may also be included, pursues exactly the contrary method. His descriptions are, nearly always, pictures of particular places instead of fancy sketches, and the distinguishing features are given incidentally in the course of the narrative. Where, again, particular trees are referred to, it is almost invariably with a phrase or an epithet clenching the description as precisely as a paragraph from Evelyn or Loudon. And, as poetry, these casual, accidental bits of descriptive writing are infinitely more effective than any amount of versified disquisition, of the Darwin sort, on the processes of vegetation. Slight, too, though in many cases they are, they indicate a deep appreciation of the results and tendencies of modern science. In what remains of this paper it is proposed, a little in detail, to adduce evidence from Mr. Tennyson's poems in support of the views we have expressed. It will not be necessary to go over the whole field, and we shall therefore select a few of the more important trees, and see to what extent his notices of them are corroborative of these preliminary remarks.

The ash will be the first example, and the reference in the lines quoted below is to the proverbial lateness of this tree in developing its foliage. It forms part of the Prince's song in the "Princess;"—

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,  
Delaying as the tender ash delays  
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?"

This is a very striking comparison, happily expressed, and besides

serving its immediate purpose, corrects an erroneous notion somewhat popular, that sometimes the ash and sometimes the oak is in leaf first. Then, again, in the "Gardener's Daughter," Juliet's eyes and hair are thus described :—

"Love, unperceived,  
Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes  
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair  
More black than ash-buds in the front of March ;"

a fact which all observers of the phenomena of the spring months will recognize as accurate.

The lime seems a special favourite of Mr. Tennyson, so lovingly and frequently does he use it for illustration. There is much imitative beauty in the well-known lines, (also from the "Gardener's Daughter") which form the conclusion of the description of a cathedral city—possibly Peterborough :—

"And all about the large lime feathers low,  
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings."

The giving out of branches close to the ground is a noticeable habit of the lime, as it is also, to some extent, of the elm, particularly in Devonshire. The mode of growth and the development of the branches are still further illustrated :—

"Not thrice your branching limes have blown  
Since I beheld young Laurence dead."

The epithet "branching" refers to another peculiarity—the number and intricacy of the branches in the centre of the tree. On this point Mr. Leo Grindon, a good authority, says :—"So dense is the mass, that to climb a full-grown tree is nearly impossible." The frequent use of the lime for avenues and walks, a practice still more prevalent on the continent, is very pictorially stated :—

"and overhead,  
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime  
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end."

Its spring-time is photographed in "Maud" in a single sentence, thus :—

"A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime."

Every student of botany will be able to verify the correctness of this line. The buds are peculiarly red, and the appearance of thousands of them bursting at once is precisely as the poet describes it. Elsewhere, the period immediately preceding the foliation of the trees is sketched with remarkable truthfulness :—

"On such a time as goes before the leaf,  
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,  
And nothing perfect."

The Spanish chestnut, *Castanea*, is not one of Mr. Tennyson's trees; but there are frequent references to the horse-chestnut, *Æsculus*. The three chestnuts in the "Miller's Daughter" will be in the recollection of most readers of his poetry. The appearance of the buds just before emerging from their green covering, and the time of their development, are registered with minute accuracy:—

"But, Alice, what an hour was that,  
When after roving in the woods  
('Twas April then), I came and sat  
Below the chestnuts, when their buds  
Were glistening in the breezy blue."

"Glistening" is the exact epithet here. The early foliation of the chestnut and elm we find in the exquisite fragment "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere." The lines on the chestnut are very characteristic:—

"In curves the yellowing river ran,  
And drooping chestnut-buds began  
To spread into the perfect fan,  
Above the teeming ground."

This and the similar remark on the elm, corresponds to the order of nature, and is nowhere better or more beautifully exemplified than in Kensington Gardens every April.

So far as we have been able to discover, there is only a single line devoted to the birch. It is to be found in "Amphion," that singular reproduction, in sylvan form, of the mythological legend. It is interesting to notice, by the way, that, in the later editions, the verse in which the birch is mentioned is omitted, and another substituted. As a whole the latter is doubtless the more musical of the two, but we are sorry to lose the apt and charming characterization of "the lady of the woods." For the curious in Tennysonianism we print both:—

"The birch-tree swang her fragrant hair,  
The bramble cast her berry,  
The gin within the juniper  
Began to make him merry."

"The linden broke her ranks and rent  
The woodbine wreaths that bind her,  
And down the middle, buzz! she went  
With all her bees behind her."

Of all the poets who have sung the praises of the birch, Coleridge,

Keats, and, pre-eminently Sir Walter Scott, none of them has surpassed the initial line of the first stanza in condensed and subtle expressiveness. Scott's is somewhat similar, although not quite so good :—

"Where weeps the birch with silver bark,  
And long dishevelled hair."

"Dishevelled," implying disorders and entanglement, does not convey a correct idea of the foliage of the birch. "Swang her fragrant hair," is decidedly better.

The fulness and ripeness of the poet's knowledge of trees is amply illustrated in those passages of his poems relating to the poplar. This is a tree with which he has been familiar from early childhood, as we gather from the "Ode to Memory," where he fondly recalls—

"The seven elms, the poplars four,  
That stand beside my father's door."

The famous poplar in "Mariana," which Mr. Read has reproduced in his fine picture of the "Moated Grange," now at South Kensington, is a prominent object in a very striking poem. The locality, it is scarcely necessary to say, is the fen country :—

"About a stone-cast from the wall  
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,  
And o'er it many, round and small,  
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.  
Hard by a poplar shook alway,  
All silver-green with gnarled bark ;  
For leagues no other tree did mark  
The level waste, the rounding gray."

As an example of landscape painting in words there is nothing more perfect than this in modern literature. We are not aware if the doubt was ever suggested before, but we think it is at least questionable if Mr. Read is right in assuming the particular tree in the poem to be a Lombardy poplar. "Silver-green," a remarkable epithet, is more applicable to the abele or white poplar than to the fastigate Lombardy species, and the sound of the trembling of the leaves is less noticeable in the latter than in most of the other poplars. In other poems this rustling noise is described as "lispings," "hissing," and like the sound of "falling showers," phrases all tolerably approximating to exactness. In "In Memoriam" there is a special reference to this white poplar whose silver-green foliage shows much more white than green in a gale of wind :—

"With blasts that blow the poplar white,  
And lash with storm the streaming pane."

The "quivering," "tremulous" aspen is also mentioned, but Mr.

Tennyson is too good a botanist to fall into the popular error of supposing that it is the only tree which has fluttering leaves. Except the Ontario species and one or two others, nearly all the poplars have the same peculiarity, caused, it may not be superfluous to say, by the compression of the leaf-stalk. Very curious it is to notice in the upper branches, while a light wind is overhead, each particular leaf shaking on its own account, while the branch of which it is a part, and the tree itself, are perfectly motionless.

Of the beech the notices are scantier and less specific. Its peculiarly twisted roots, rich autumn tints, smooth bark, and unusual leafiness, are all described, however, more or less poetically. The following verse from "In Memoriam" has a certain pensive sweetness of its own:—

"Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,  
The tender blossom flutter down,  
Unloved that beech will gather brown,  
This maple burn itself away."

The rich autumn tints of the foliage of the maple are here alluded to.

Cedars, cypresses, and yews, all members of the great coniferous family, are prominent objects in Mr. Tennyson's landscapes. In the eighteenth section of "Maud," beginning,

"I have led her home, my love, my only friend,"

and which contains some passages full of solemn tenderness and beauty, and a splendour of language worthy of Shakespeare himself, occurs the oft-quoted apostrophe addressed to the cedar of Lebanon by Maud's somewhat distempered, though now happy lover:—

"O, art thou sighing for Lebanon  
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,  
Sighing for Lebanon,  
Dark cedar.       \*       \*       \*  
\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

"And over whom thy darkness must have spread  
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great  
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there  
Shadowing the snow-limbed Eve from whom she came.  
Here will I lie, while these long branches sway."

The yew, though usually regarded as the emblem of death:—

"Cheerless, unsocial plant, that loves to dwell  
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and tombs,"

might, in its extreme tenacity and length of days, be a fitter representative of life and endurance. In the second chapter of "In Memoriam" the yew is described in the most masterly manner. These are two of the verses:—

"Old Yew, which graspest at the stones  
That name the underlying dead,  
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,  
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

"O not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
Who changest not in any gale,  
Nor branding summer suns avail  
To touch thy thousand years of gloom."

The locality, the hue, the prolonged life, and the general unchangeableness of appearance, are all here summarily noticed. The Laureate seems, however, to share the popular dislike to this tree, a feeling which Gilpin, in his "Forest Scenery," ridicules as weakness. In "Amphion," yews are called "a dismal coterie;" in "Maud" a "black yew gloomed the stagnant air;" and in "Love and Death," we have the portentous image of the angel of death walking all alone "beneath a yew."

Our limits forbid more than a mere enumerative mention of other well-known trees, whose memory Mr. Tennyson has rendered sweeter to all future generations of tree lovers. "Immemorial elms," "perky larches and pines," "laburnums, dropping-wells of fire," elders, hollies, "the pillared dusk of sounding sycamores," "dry-tongued laurels," "slender acacias"—all these and many others are to be found within the four corners of his poems. One only remains, the oak—"sole king of forests all," and as Mr. Tennyson has celebrated the praises of the monarch of the woods at great length in the "Talking Oak," we shall add a few words on that charming composition by way of conclusion.

As is well known, the poem takes the form of a colloquy between an ancient oak, which formed a meeting-place for two lovers, and the young gentleman in the case. He comes to question the tree about his lady-love, who had visited the hallowed spot in his absence. And Landor himself, in his happiest vein, never conceived a more exquisite imaginary conversation. Here, in sportive phrase and bantering talk, is the whole philosophy of forest life set forth with a poetic felicity, saucy humour, and scientific precision of language, each admirable of its kind. The poem is literally a love idyll and botanic treatise combined, and never, surely, were love and science—January and May, might one say, so delightfully harmonized, conveying, too, to those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand, glimpses of a spiritual interpretation of nature, undreamt of by Pope and his school. Thus pleasantly does the old oak of "Summer-Chace" discourse to Walter of Olivia's charms; and the reader will not fail to notice the skilful way in which the poet's practical acquaintance with trees is turned to account:—

"I swear (and else may insects prick  
Each leaf into a gall)

This girl, for whom your heart is sick,  
Is three times worth them all ; ”

and then, with a warmth of praise unusual and almost improper in such a venerable inhabitant of the forest, he continues :—

“ Her kisses were so close and kind,  
That, trust me on my word,  
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,  
But yet my sap was stirred :

“ And even into my inmost ring  
A pleasure I discern’d,  
Like those blind motions of the Spring,  
That show the year is turn’d.”

Farther on, the not ungrateful lover invokes all atmospheric and other good influences on his partner in the dialogue, who has proved so communicative a companion :

“ O rock upon thy towery top  
All throats that gurgle sweet !  
All starry culmination drop  
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet !

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Nor ever lightning char thy grain,  
But, rolling as in sleep,  
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,  
That makes thee broad and deep ! ”

These, it will be admitted, are very melodious strains. Seldom has the imagery of the woods been used with more appropriateness and effect than in this poem, and its poetic excellence is rivalled by its accuracy. No one but an accomplished practical botanist could have written it. And throughout the poem, light and airy in tone as it is, there is distinctly perceptible the scientific element,—the sense of the forces of nature acting according to law, which, as we have already said, pervades like a subtle essence much of Mr. Tennyson’s poetry. But enough has probably been said to justify the title of this article.

J. HUTCHINSON.

### THE AMBUSCADE.

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ONCE more I dreamed a dream, in gentler wise :

    Methought I found One reap a deep-grassed stead,—

    An old, old, toil-worn man, with fore-locked head,  
Through coverts watched by countless gem-like eyes.  
And, as I looked, I heard soft song-words rise,

    And, 'twixt thick leaves, a citole's music shed,—

    The while no whit that scyther spared to spread  
The swath to side, and, armed in age, defies

The stealing strain. But notes on notes, like pearls,

    Poured on the air—a charm of chime and rhyme  
Through all moods wound—till e'en that hoary churl's

    Dull sense, o'erborne, must mark the sovran mime :

Then broke pre-concert of a thousand girls,

    Shrilling at one,—“Lo ! Love hath vanquished Time.”

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## MORE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.

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### ATALANTA, OR THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

*Atalanta*, the Poets fable, was nurtured by a Bear upon the Mountains. Which rough Cradling did so string her Thews and breed within her an indomitable Courage, that they who would fain have been her Lovers did perish by her Shafts; and Heroes at the Funeral Games of *Pelias* were thrown by her in wrestling.

And, indeed, she was of so vain-glorious a mind and proud a stomach, that him only she would take for Husband who should outrun her. And she being armed did slay many who were vanquished in the race, though Law and Odds were given them; and cutting off their heads, she set them up as trophies of her Triumph.

But at the last her Cousin beguiled her by his craft, for, casting down the Golden Apples which the *Queen of Love* had given him, *Milanon* sped onwards to the goal, while the haughty maiden lingered to gather up the precious Fruit, and thus was mulcted by his Subtlety both of her Victory and of her Virgin Pride. This Fable elegantly sheweth the Fate of Women who suffer Hardship, and submit unto the Contumely of Bearish Men, to the end that at the last they may make him who arrogantly vaunteth himself Lord and Master, bow the neck and crook the knee, his own Weapons having been wrenched from his weak hands, and turned to his Discomfiture.

But *Dis aliter visum est*, the End is otherwise. There cometh a Suiter who bringeth both Love and Gold, and the fiercest *Atalanta* of them all, declining from her Lonely Loftiness doth bewray herself Mere Woman.

### EUROPA, OR JOHN BULL.

The tale of *Europa*, though common, had never the fortune to be fitly applied. 'Tis said that she wandered gathering flowers of Sweetest Scent, and Colours more diverse than the Hues of Juno's Bird, which the cunning craftsman had carven on her Golden Cophinus; and with her went a Choir of fair Companions. When to them, from the Sea, uprose a Lovely Bull, and having looked on him, *Europa* foregat her flowers. His low was as the sound of a Mydonian Flute; his eyes were bright, yet soft, like unto the Evening Star; and when he bent his knee and showed his brawny back, *Europa* must needs seat herself thereon. She bade farewell unto her Friends, being enamoured of the lovely bull, and fixing her Desires upon his Grace, and her Faith upon his Gracious Wisdom, she went forth with him whithersoever he might fare. The

Poet doth herein foretell by Parable the preheminance of Favour which the Englishman findeth at the hands of them of other Countries; how *Europa*, which (’tis a trite School-boy Text) figureth the continent, being smitten by his Comeliness and gay Lightsomeness of Youth, and having Trust without limit in his Truth, and Reverence for his Ready Valour on behalf of all that be oppress’d; and, moreover, being, as it were, intoxicated with the Odour of his Courtesy, which doth breathe forth on all like unto the scent of Flowers beneath the Sun, hath made for him a *Benjamin’s mess* of Loving-kindness, reserved unto him alone, and tasted by none other.

#### APOLLO, OR THE LONG VACATION.

’Tis but a Toy, yet I will tell it. The Sophist *Himerius* relates that *Jove* gave unto *Apollo* a Headband and a Team of Swans, wherewith he went unto the *Hyperboreans*, whose Custom is to offer Asses in Sacrifice; and having given Laws unto the *Hyperboreans*, the god came back in Summer, and went abroad basking in the sunshine, listening unto the Singing of Birds, and the shrill Cicadas, and lying down to Rest, with Pipe in hand, beside the silver Streams.

What is he but a Judge, who doth too oft forget that his office is *Jus dicere*, and not *Jus dare*; To interpret law, and not to make law, or give law? And what is the Headband but the Wig, and the team of Swans but the Grey Horses of the Sheriff? And by the *Hyperboreans* the *Northern Circuit* may be figured, since ’tis the manner of the men of those Parts to show small pity unto Asses. And the rest, of the Birds and sunny Baskings with the Pipe, should seem to point unto Idling after Circuit, which he hath good right to enjoy whose Wits have been wearied by Dealings with the *Hyperboreans*.

#### ÆSCULAPIUS, OR THE DOCTOR.

They say that the son of *Coronis* arrived at so great perfection in the Healing Art that *Pluto*, robbed of his revenues, complain’d to *Jove*, who thereupon smote the presumptuous Innovator with his Bolt.

’Tis a playful story, setting forth forcibly the Vulgar Belief that the Proper Function of the chirurgion is to Kill, and that he is thunderstruck—*attonitus*, astonied—when he doth Cure.

## MR. CARINGTON.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### THE MINX'S VICTIM.

"There was a little couple once—  
The girl a wit, the boy a dunce."

FRANK Noel had given Mr. Carington a humorous account of his uncle the Canon's infatuation with the Minx, of her amazing airs and graces, of Laurence the butler's intense indignation, of his own perplexity as to what to do. As the Canon improved, his belief in the perfections of Miss Wilkinson grew manifestly stronger: he treated her quite as if he desired her to be mistress of his household, and she put on so fine a manner in consequence that she amused Frank at least as much as she irritated him. On fine afternoons, dressed with radiant inelegance, she would walk abroad among the ladies of the Close, who were wont to gather like a social flock of lovely birds, and talk a mixture of fashion and ecclesiastism. The latest bonnet or heresy, or anthem or elopement, was sure to be canvassed—the old Cathedral, with its sky-pointing spire, had known as many generations of these gay chattering at its feet, as of the sabler-coated birds that cawed by hundreds around its miraculous summit. Miss Gertrude Wilkinson ventured on the same pavement at the same hour with a defiant eye and bearing; she was one of those young women who feel a curious mixture of envy and contempt for their betters; she could see in the ladies of the Close an air of superiority which put her in a rage; at the same time she fully believed herself much handsomer than any of them, and much better dressed. Could she have heard Basil Longhurst, the Bishop's nephew and secretary, who (being young, brilliant, and a bachelor) was in great request among the ladies of the Close, say what he thought of her personal appearance, she would have wished to assassinate him.

"Who in the world is that woman?" he asked his pretty cousin Ada . . . by the way, it is astonishing what pretty daughters bishops usually have. "How ugly she is! And how hideously she dresses!"

"O, she is only a nurse or something, employed to look after poor dear Canon Lovelace."

"I shouldn't like her to nurse me. She looks as if she ought to be known to the police. By the way, I have not seen Frank since we

returned from *our* visitation." It was a pleasant conceit with Basil that *he* did the real episcopal work. "I shall drop in upon him and see how he likes it."

Basil called on his old schoolfellow, and found he did not like it at all. Frank, who while looking after his uncle longed to be elsewhere, was whimsically angry with this young woman, and made Basil laugh heartily by the tale of his troubles. They smoked a cigar together in Frank Noel's sitting-room, which looked upon the Close. As they stood at the window, the Bishop's secretary said,—

"That's a suspicious-looking scoundrel that is lurking there by the railings, Noel. Looks quite ready for a burglary—and there's good store of plate within a few hundred yards."

"I have seen that fellow lounging about the place for some days," said Frank; "but, having no great store of plate myself, I thought little about it."

"It's a clear case for the police," said the energetic young secretary. "Come, it's a pleasant afternoon for a walk: let us take a stroll, and I'll drop in upon Scudamore, our chief constable, and give him what he would call the 'office'—without imagining he was using a classic idiom."

Basil was apt to "drop in" upon people: and, thinking himself the real moving spirit of the diocese, he went everywhere with equal coolness.

As the two young men turned out of the door into the Canon's ivy-covered archway, they saw Miss Gertrude Wilkinson hastily crossing. It seemed to both of them as if she had spoken to this seedy person who had raised their curiosity. She suddenly started as they came out of the dim archway.

"Queer!" said the quick-eyed Basil.

"O, I dare say she only gave him a copper," said Frank.

"She hardly looks a model of generosity. Never mind, we'll ask Scudamore."

The worthy chief constable received Mr. Basil (as all Sarum called him) with great deference, was most polite to Mr. Basil's friend, and promised that the young feller should be watched and ordered to move on.

The very same evening Frank strolled out to smoke a solitary cigar under the full moon, and think of the mysterious and beautiful Elinor, of whom indeed he seemed to think more and more the longer he was kept away from her. Frank was that very rare thing, a sensible lover; he saw that to marry he must give up lounging, and take to a career; he saw that he could not marry a mystery without a name. Whether Elinor was above or below him in rank, he cared not: as Mr. Carington was her patron and adviser he felt the strong probability that she was of some importance. To ponder these

things he prepared to go forth ; slowly descended the wide low winding stairway ; carefully lighted his cigar at the lamp by the door that opened on the archway ; then went out. There was a sudden rustling sound. Two figures were perceptible. One was Miss Gertrude Wilkinson : she ran in as Frank came out, and rushed upstairs with a flushed face ; while her companion, shuffling out of the archway, made his way along the pavement of the Close with rather a feeble mimicry of speed. Frank could easily keep him in sight without discomposure, having a stride to which a mile in twelve minutes was not at all afflicting. The Minx's friend was evidently the lurking rascal whom Basil had marked down. Frank followed him into the market-place, and saw him turn into a small tavern called the *Oak*. He followed at once, entered with no sign of haste, found his quarry changing a sovereign and ordering gin-and-water, hot and strong. The bar was warm and cosy ; the stout landlord was the sole person present ; the walls were hung with prints of race-horses and prize-fighters, announcements of athletic sports and of raffles. The landlord, a tall strong fellow, was a retired pugilist and cricketer, reputed the best fisherman in the city of the four rivers, Dan Parr by name. Although the pugilist's profession is not a humanizing one, Dan had not been brutalized by it altogether—perhaps because, better than even a fight, he loved a long day at cricket, and better than either to wile trout from the Wiley. Dan Parr's house was the resort of all kinds of customers, from the noble and liberal agents who came to the races down to the casual tramp who has just changed a sovereign. He was surprised at no arrival.

Frank Noel ordered a glass of pale ale, and got a very good one. Then, looking at the landlord, whom he seemed dimly to recollect, he remembered that the "Grammar School Club" had employed him as a professional bowler years before. He thought it odd that Parr did not remember him : the truth being that he did remember perfectly, but had a sort of proud shyness which prevented his making the first recognition of a gentleman.

Frank smoked and drank his ale and watched the man opposite him, who presently began to talk rather glibly, the gin-and-water having stimulated his brain. He called for more grog, which was supplied ; he affably remarked to Frank that Salisbury was a dull stuck-up one-horse sort of a place. Frank acknowledged its dullness, and expressed surprise that a person who had seen so much of the world could care to visit it.

"O, there's a lady in the case," he said. "Nothing else would have brought me to a town full of parsons."

"A lady in the case !" cried Frank, in a tone of intense interest. "Landlord, bring a bottle of champagne, and we'll have it in your private parlour, if we may, and I dare say this gentleman will tell me some of his adventures."

Champagne was provided in a quiet back parlour, and Frank drew out his new acquaintance to his heart's desire. The dialogue, begun in brag and ended in maudlin, would be intolerably tedious: it lasted some hours, and Frank and his seedy guest, aided now and then by Dan Parr, drank several bottles of champagne. The upshot of Frank's inquiry must be given in brief narrative.

Jacob Cookson, at one time articled pupil at the middle class academy of David Wilkinson, Ph.D., LL.D. of certain Teutonic universities: this was the young gentleman now on the tramp. Dr. Wilkinson was a clever man with a smattering of everything, and a method of displaying what little he knew so as to make people believe he knew more. Nothing taught at the school worth teaching; nothing to eat worth eating; as ample compensation, no corporal punishment. A boy couldn't be birched or tunded at Wilkinson's: but he could be kept for a week on bread and water and very little of it.

Miss Gertrude Wilkinson (real name Jane), a florid young woman seven years older than himself. Managed everything for her widower-father; looked after the little boys and the big boys; looked after him more than anybody. He was handsome then—(he was in the maudlin stage, and wept over the ruins of his decayed though not extinguished beauty). One thing clear from the story, that the Mixx had taught him what schools were not intended to teach; that she had gone too fast and too far; and that a child had been born . . . before which, however, she had left her father. What had become of the child, this Jacob Cookson knew not nor cared. What he did care to know was that Miss Wilkinson, at first probably by her father's aid, got a situation as nursery governess in a clergyman's family, that her exemplary piety had obtained for her quite an ecclesiastical connexion, and that she now had so good a situation that she could always spare a pound or two.

The champagne had pretty well done for Jacob Cookson by the time he had reached the end of his story: and so late had it grown that Frank saw signs of daylight through the window. He left Cookson and went to Parr, who was half asleep by his smouldering fire.

"Dan," he said, "you remember me, I'll swear, though you never said a word when I came in."

"Lord yes, Mr. Frank, of course I do—worst muff at long stop I ever saw."

"Thank you, Dan: but I could bowl, you know. Look here: I want you to do something for me, and will give you a sovereign for your trouble. See that that fellow doesn't leave the house till I come in the morning. I shall be here by ten, I hope, and bring Pinniger with me. It is very important."

"Right you are," said the landlord. "He shall be here."

No great difficulty. Parr found him in a drunken sleep, carried him to a bedroom, locked the door.

"It's too late to turn in now," thought the landlord. "They'll soon be here for the early purl. I'll make up the fire and brew myself some, to keep me awake."

Frank, walking slowly home, with intent to take a bath and change his clothes, and catch Pinniger at breakfast, pondered much of middle-class academics, marvelling whether they often produced such tutors and such minxes. Why, if any writer had courage enough to show the evils that follow from the fact that any fool or knave may set up a school for either sex without examination or licence, what revelations would there be! The uneducated masters, cruel and mean; the stealthy sneaks of ushers; the scrofulous girls, daughters, nieces, wardrobe women, who are ready for any wickedness—it is too sickening a theme for minute description. Let us leave it to some one who will make a severe analysis—and who at the same time may inquire into the condition of the young women who, too proud for housemaids, and too dull for governesses, assume piety as a profession, impose on unsuspecting young curates, and become deaconesses or sisters of some sort.

Frank Noel let himself in, took his bath, dressed leisurely, and, coming down to the breakfast room at eight, found Laurence busy in preparation, and got an early cup of coffee.

"Your uncle's coming down to luncheon to-day, Mr. Frank," says the butler, "so I hope you'll be at home."

"Ay, that I will, Laurence," he said, cheerfully. "I have something to surprise him with. Good bye. I'm going to breakfast with Mr. Pinniger."

His legal friend quite agreed in the advisability of Frank's proposal, which was this: to take Cookson to the lawyer's office, have his statement drawn up in an intelligible form, and cause him to sign it in the presence of witnesses—then to show it to the Canon, if the old gentleman seemed well enough to bear it. The arrangements were made promptly: Cookson, who saw the chance of a few immediate sovereigns, told his story over again, and substantiated it by his signature. Dan Parr was then instructed to take him in charge, and have him waiting at Canon Lovelace's at one precisely. Frank and Pinniger picked up Basil Longhurst in the Palace Garden, where he was dreaming of lawn-sleeves in the future. He was delighted at the little explosion.

Frank went home half an hour before luncheon, and found his uncle in high spirits. The Minx was with him, and obviously resolute not to leave, so Frank could only go so far as to ask him whether he was well enough to receive Pinniger and Longhurst at luncheon.

"Basil has been longing to come and see you, sir," he said.

"Basil is my great favourite," said the Canon. "I am glad you and he are such friends. I wish you would follow his example."

It was a great desire of the Canon's to see his nephew in Holy Orders.

"Well, uncle," said Frank, "the choice of a career is a thing on which I want your advice very much. But do you think you are strong enough to receive our two friends?"

"O dear yes, they will cheer me. Tell them yes: and as you go down, send up Laurence."

Frank Noel right willingly obeyed; he knew that order meant a choicer wine than usual: and, as there was an explosion in expectancy, he was glad to see the Canon in high spirits and good humour.

The hour came, and the guests. A pleasant fire blazed in the hearth, and lighted up the Canon's thoughtful humorous face and scanty hair of snow. The three young men who greeted his first arrival in his favourite room, were all beloved by him: Pinniger, as a lawyer, honest and intelligent, descendant of a race of chivalrous lawyers; Basil, as a brilliant young leader of the Church Militant, already dreaded by heretics and nonconformists, and booked for Lambeth as safely as if he had been mitrogenitus; chief of all, Frank Noel, his own blood, his own boy, to whom he thought it his duty to make amends for all the shortcomings of his father, the Captain. Very pleasant was the converse, but the Minx, who sat next Canon Lovelace, watched him, and waited upon him most assiduously. She saw clearly that her position was a false one; she determined, however, to hold it if possible. The species minx have a great belief in old men's weakness.

The Canon, however, was getting strong; renewed health made his sight keener, and he could perceive that this handmaiden of his was not quite what he liked; the gay talk of his young friends brightened him. He said by-and-by:—

"Laurence, another bottle of Madeira. Miss Wilkinson, as we may sit some time, you need not stay."

As the butler opened the door for the Minx, both their faces were studies. Miss Wilkinson went off with a fling, like a rather florid peri cast out of Paradise; while Laurence, who had an expression of countenance not unlike Mr. Buckstone's, made Frank almost choke with laughter by silently forming the word *Minx* upon his lips.

When the Madeira had arrived, and the four gentlemen were alone, Pinniger said,—

"Mr. Lovelace, there is a little matter of business I should like to mention to you. May I?"

"By all means," replied the Canon, "to do business with you, Pinniger, is always a pleasure."

"Thank you, sir. This, which shall be as brief as possible, con-

cerns the lady who has just left us. Certain circumstances caused my friend Frank to entertain a doubt as to her character; he could not trouble you, while in ill health, with suspicions; so he made a private investigation, which resulted in this document, signed and attested in my office about an hour ago."

Pinniger rose and placed the paper before the Canon, who, without saying a word, raised his old-fashioned gold-rimmed eyeglasses, and read it carefully. Having done so, he said,—

"All this looks probable, and is not pleasant. When I was very weak, this young woman had a strong influence over me; now that I am in better health, I cannot say that I judge her favourably. Still, it is certain that this man, Cookson, is not inventing anything?"

"He is waiting below, ready to confront her," said Pinniger.

"That is enough, I think," said the Canon, "without any scene. Although I am wonderfully better, I avoid unnecessary excitement. Give me your opinion, Pinniger."

"You would like her to leave to-day?"

"Certainly, I should."

"Let me calculate what is due to her. Write a cheque. I, as your attorney, will obtain her receipt, and see that she is gone within the hour."

This being agreed to, the lawyer went in immediate search of the Minx, whom he found sitting in a mood of sulky rage beside the fire. When he entered, she rose at once, but with a doubtful expression of countenance. Perhaps he had come away quietly from the company to find her and flirt with her. Charming idea! Her sulks changed to smiles; she looked her loveliest; Pinniger was quite amused by the sudden transformation.

"Miss Wilkinson," he said, before she could say anything, "I am Canon Lovelace's attorney. He wishes you to leave to-day, and I have brought you his cheque for the amount which will be due to you."

There was another revolution, from allurements to fury, in the Minx's countenance.

"Leave to-day!" she exclaimed fiercely. "This is false; I will hear it from his own lips. I was engaged by the quarter."

"You will find the payment made includes the additional quarter's wages," said Pinniger, coolly.

"But why am I to leave? *Why?* I will know this. My character shall not be ruined. It is that insolent Mr. Noel's doing, I swear."

"Do you really wish to know why you are to leave?" he said, with exasperating coolness; "I would not ask, if I were you."

"I insist on knowing," she said, emphatically.

"Very well. Keep your temper, and you shall know. It is because you, Jane Wilkinson, have been seen in company with a

disreputable person called Jacob Cookson, the putative father of your illegitimate child."

The Minx was checkmated. This sudden discovery was too much for her. She saw that neither fury nor tears would move this imperturbable lawyer. She haughtily said,—

"I did not expect insult. I will leave as soon as my luggage can be got ready."

"It is the best you can do," said Pinniger. "First be so kind as to write me a receipt for this cheque . . . Thank you."

When she had swept out of the room, he rang for Laurence, told him to see that her packing was quickly accomplished, and to let him know when she went. This done he returned to the luncheon-room, where he found a pleasant conversation going on about Frank's future career.

For the Canon, over the old Madeira, had humorously commenced the subject, saying,—

"Basil, I want my lazy nephew to adopt a profession. Don't you think it is time? Why should he not take ours?"

Frank quietly sipped his wine, awaiting his friend's opinion. Basil said,—

"I never quite thought Frank cut out for a parson, sir. Wouldn't the army suit him better?"

"War is illogical," said Frank.

"Well, the law, then," said the Canon, "which is the perfection of logic. Pinniger would coach you: in time the firm might become Pinniger and Noel."

"O, Frank would like the bar," said Basil.

"I don't think I should like either," said Frank Noel. "Pinniger's a good fellow, but he's an exception to most lawyers, in my mind. As to barristers, who find eloquence to defend rascals, I wouldn't be one if I were sure of the Woolsack."

"You're uncommonly difficult to suit, Frank," said the Canon. "Are you fit for nothing, or fit for everything? What would you really like to be?"

Frank Noel looked wise, and filled his glass with Madeira.

"My ambition," he said, "is not high. To be an Archbishop or Lord Chancellor or Commander-in-Chief is not to my mind, even if it were not necessary to begin as a curate or a briefless barrister or an ensign."

"I see what it is," quoth Basil: "you want to keep a shop and sell something."

"I'd rather be a fruiterer or a fishmonger than a lawyer," he said. "Better have a bright-scaled salmon on a marble slab for sale, or soft-cheeked peaches in the midst of green leaves, than a lot of musty opinions on parchment, designed to make honest men poor and rascals rich."

"I see what it is! you'll be a poet," says the Canon, with a quiet smile. "It is a highly remunerative vocation."

"No, sir," said Frank, "I'm no poet. I should like to be a country gentleman, with a pleasant house, and a deerpark, and lots of rich farms, and a few villages to look after, and a chance of making many people happy: but as I can't be that, I think I shall take a small farm, and see if I can't live comfortably upon it; I have already talked to Pinniger about it. What do you think, uncle?"

"I think a country life the best of lives," the Canon had begun, as Pinniger entered and said,—

"It is all settled, sir. I have the woman's receipt."

And then he related what had happened. While they were talking they heard a fly draw up outside, and Laurence came in to tell Pinniger the young woman was going down. The lawyer walked to the turn of the staircase, wishing to see her fairly off. In another minute a scuffle was heard below: Frank and Basil went to the window and looked out; Pinniger rushed down into the archway.

By misadventure Dan Parr had not been told that Cookson was not wanted: so he stood as staunchly to his post as if he had been wicket-keeping—the luckless Cookson shivering beside him, weakened by his debauch. Miss Wilkinson had ordered a fly to convey her to the station, having resolved to shake the dust off her fair feet against the too-moral city. Her luggage was on its roof. She descended, stately and contemptuous, and came through the archway. Stalwart Dan Parr, lazily smoking a short pipe, was keeping his eye on Cookson the disreputable. The sight of Cookson seriously disturbed the equilibrium of the Minx's mind. She forgot her hauteur.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, rushing at him with such fierceness that in a moment they were both in the mud, under the horse's feet, she tugging at his hair. The horse was a mild quadruped fortunately, and only turned his head to see if he could catch a glimpse of the fracas under his blinker.

"Queer start!" said Dan Parr, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and putting it in his pocket with no haste. Then he stooped; took the young person up in a kind of bunch; kicked Cookson out of the horse's way; shoved Miss Wilkinson into the cab; banged the door; and told the flyman to drive on. Turning round and seeing Mr. Pinniger, he touched his hat, and said,

"Queer start, sir."

Then he walked homewards, lighting his pipe again as he went. The poor devil, Cookson, feebly picked himself up, and followed at a distance.

Such was Miss Gertrude Wilkinson's ignominious retreat from Sarum. If one could trace the future of this girl and her victim, in what hospital or workhouse should we find them?

The Canon had not left his chair, but Frank had given him a brief account of what was going on, and the old gentleman saw reason to be thankful that he had lost his attendant. Pinniger filled up the outline, and caused great laughter by his dramatic account of Dan Parr as *Deus ex machina*.

"We promised him a sovereign for his trouble," said Frank.

"Give him five," said the Canon: "Pinniger, you'll see to that for me. I owe him something for promptly putting a stop to a row of that kind at my door."

Soon after, Basil Longhurst and Pinniger took leave. The Canon was evidently in a talkative mood. He dwelt slowly on his old Sercial. He said to Frank:—

"I wish you could be a country gentleman, my boy: but, as you cannot, I think your notion of being a farmer is good. You have enough to start with: one of these days you will get a trifle more from me."

"I expect nothing," he said, "and I'd rather you wouldn't talk of what will be a terrible loss to me. I am a careless fellow, uncle, I know: but I always think of you, even when I don't write letters. I do hate writing letters."

"So do I," said the Canon. "I'm glad to think you're fond of me, Frank—and I'm glad to find you have been steady and quiet, with all your carelessness."

"No virtues of mine, sir, either of them. If there were more uncles like you, it would improve the breed of nephews. As to being quiet and steady, the truth is I *like* being quiet. I never could understand the fun of vulgarity. I have always put it down to my own dullness that I felt melancholy when everybody else was amused. So you must not praise me, uncle, for what is probably mere slowness of disposition."

The Canon smiled.

Frank resumed, with a kind of diffident earnestness—

"I have chosen one vocation already, uncle. I am in love."

"In love?"

"Most thoroughly, I assure you, sir: and with a mysterious girl whom I met by accident when I was at Lord Delamere's, and who doesn't know her own name—her surname I mean."

The Canon looked at him amusedly, holding up his eye-glasses for the purpose.

"Tell me the whole story, Frank."

Frank told it all—not forgetting the escapade at the little inn, at which the Canon laughed heartily—or Prince Oistravieff's libel and punishment, at which he looked humorously grave.

"Of course you ought to marry her, Frank, after sleeping at her bedroom door . . . but then the canons of the church make no provision for marrying nameless people. By the way, has she a Christian name?"

"Elinor."

"Ah, Frank, with all your steadiness, you are an adventurous boy. Is she still at Delamere?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And you consider her a good girl and a true lady?"

"Upon my word," said Frank, "it is hard for a dull fellow like me to say what I think of her. I want to tell you, but can't. When I am with her I feel stronger, braver, wiser. When we are silent together she seems to be teaching me something strange and beautiful. She isn't at all a saint, a professional saint I mean; but she is so much like a saint that you feel nobody could do anything wrong in her presence. Yet she sings like a bird, and is as wild as the wind. Then her cool little hand, long-fingered, with a flush of rose . . . and her eyes, that look through you though themselves too deep to fathom . . . and her——"

"Don't mention lips, Frank," said the Canon. "This becomes serious. You really appear to be in love. What says the lady?"

"I think it's all right, sir, though she makes fun of love and of me. Yes, I think I am safe."

"And she is Carington's ward, or something of the sort? If so, she is a lady: and if so, he will clear up the mystery for you. He has been clearing up mysteries all his life. You had better be off to Delamere at once, and question him, and settle it with her."

"Thanks, uncle, but I cannot leave you yet—especially as you have no one now to attend on you."

"No more young persons for me, Master Frank," said Canon Lovelace. "One specimen suffices. Laurence can take good care of me: he knows my ways and my wines: if I feel less well I'll send for you. Be off. Go to-night, I am interested in your romance. Write and tell me all about it. Remember me heartily to Carington."

The kind old Canon thus dismissed his nephew, who was not slow to obey such an agreeable order of march. He told Laurence to get his traps ready, as he meant to sleep in London that night.

"Not going to fetch back that minx, sir, I hope?" says the butler, with a Buckstonian look.

Hasty leave took Frank of Basil and of Pinniger, postponing for the present all questions in regard to one or two fine farms his legal friend happened to know would soon be vacant. He found time to turn in at the *Oak*, and give Dan Parr thanks, and an additional tip, for his admirable conduct in reference to the Minx and her victim.

"Thankee, sir," says Dan. "It's too much. Why, lawyer Pinniger sent me a bit of paper, just now, from your uncle. It was a rum start."

"What's become of the young man?"

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"Why," says Dan, "that's the rummest start of all. I thought I'd walk up to the railway, for there wasn't a train for ever so long, and pay my respects to my fine lady by seeing her off. I couldn't do less, as I'd hitched her off the road into the cab. She'd been to the waiting-room, and put herself in order, and was walking up and down just like the Queen of Sheba. She didn't look at dirt like me, you may suppose. By and by the train's got ready, and her luggage is put in, and she gets a first-class ticket, and walks up and down again, trying to decide which carriage she'll have . . . particular as to her company, no doubt. Presently, up comes a couple of young officers, jumps into an empty carriage . . . and by Jabers, Madam goes in after 'em.

"Thinks I : now they wanted to smoke, and they'll be savage, only when they look at her they'll think she's up to a lark . . . so they'll console themselves, and have their cigars after all."

"I'd no idea you were a philosopher, Dan."

"Nor I neither, Mr. Frank : but if that's philosophizing, I soon had more to philosopher about . . . for just as the train begins to move, up rushes her seedy pal, jumps into the very same carriage, and sits down right opposite to her. I wondered what she thought . . . and I wondered what the two young officers thought. A queer start, Mr. Frank."

Frank Noel's impatience exciting him to carry out his uncle's commands, he got away in time to reach London late at night, and drove straight to one of the huge hotels by Euston terminus, and slept profoundly ; having made Dan Parr's champagne do the duty of sleep the night before.

In the morning he rose fresh as a lark, with dreams of Elinor brightening his untroubled eyes. O ! indomitable youth !

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

LUCY WALTER.

*Parish Clerk.* Pray have you heard the scandal at the Rectory ?

*Raphael.* Well, on my honour, I'm surprised that you, my friend, Being a dignitary ecclesiastical,  
Should of the Church report a word that's scandalous.

*The Comedy of Dreams.*

THE Honourable and Reverend Charles Delamere, when he suddenly resolved to become a clergyman, was only giving another proof of the saying that extremes meet. If a highly respectable man goes wrong, he generally goes very wrong indeed : if a thorough ne'er-do-well is reformed, the reform is a miracle of completeness. In the latter

case, relapse is not impossible : but one never seems to hear of anybody's relapsing into respectability.

Mr. Delamere did not pursue his new vocation very long altogether, nor indeed very long in one place. Only one of his residences need here be noted. He saw in an ecclesiastical paper (of which there were far fewer then than now), an advertisement to the effect that the Rector of a thinly populated parish, in a beautiful neighbourhood, wished to find a *locum tenens* while he travelled for his health. He offered no stipend, but the use of the Rectory house, with well-stocked gardens, and shooting over some hundreds of acres. The place was described as near the sea, and there was the farther inducement that hounds met in the neighbourhood. The Honourable Charles went to see the place, and was delighted : there were about a dozen people in this parish of the west, and there was only one service in the week. The Rector had the right of shooting in the well-stocked preserves of the great landowner (his elder brother) to whom the whole place belonged. The Honourable Charles was in clover. The Rector kept a very complete establishment ; and, delighted to get an aristocratic representative, put even his wine-cellar at Mr. Delamere's disposal on very liberal terms.

When Mr. Delamere entered the fine old church to perform his first service, his congregation consisted of the Rectory household, a few keepers and their wives, the village blacksmith and tailor and baker, and some of those inevitable old women, who, in rural parishes, live to immense ages upon almost nothing. There was no upper stratum ; Mr. Delamere could not hear of a gentleman's house within a dozen miles. As he had been accustomed to the very thick of society, he found it rather dull of an evening : the day had its occupation, fishing, shooting, riding, which kept his mind occupied : but on lonely evenings, when a man has done questionable things, even being a parson will not prevent their coming back upon the memory. Mr. Delamere could think of no better way to exorcise his unpleasant thoughts than to amuse himself. The material was at hand in the form of a natty little parlour-maid, with inviting eyes, who was clearly quite ready to become a toy. What subsequently happened is too old a story to narrate in detail.

Mr. Carington, having with great difficulty conquered his friend's extreme unwillingness to do justice to Elinor, resolved to go farther and suggest that Lucy Walter, whose relation to the Earl he knew, should leave Delamere.

"Her position here," he said to the Earl, "is scarcely tenable. You *must* see that."

"Not quite," he replied. "Lucy is in her own eyes a servant : you know I insisted on her mother's keeping from her the secret of her birth. Elinor need never know the truth."

"Those things ooze out," said Mr. Carington, "women have sharp

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eyes. Already Elinor suspects that Lucy is not exactly what she seems."

"I suppose there is some truth in that," said the Earl: "but Lucy is a good girl, and has been very useful to me, and I don't want to part with her. She has been here two years now, and knows my ways."

"Elinor will learn your ways fast enough," said Mr. Carington.

"O, I don't want to make a slave of Elinor: besides, she will soon be falling in love, if she hasn't already. And what am I to do with Lucy?"

"Where is her mother now? Is she living quietly?"

"She is in a cottage I gave her on my estate near Glastonbury: and my steward, who pays her annuity, reports that she is living quite respectably."

"Then, surely that is the proper place for Lucy to go. I should send her home to her mother at once: you can afterwards decide what sort of a provision you will make for her."

The Earl, white-haired, and bent, walking up and down the room by the aid of his ivory-headed staff, looked scarcely the man who should be discussing such a question as this: but the fire that still burnt in his eyes, and the compression of his firm lips, showed that he still possessed enormous energy. Mr. Carington could see by the movements of his face, that he hated the idea of letting Lucy leave him: and two or three minutes passed before he came to a decision. Then he said,—

"You are right, Carington, the child shall go. It is the wisest and kindest course. She had better be told at once."

"Don't let her persuade you to alter your mind. She is sure to be grieved to go."

"Yes, poor girl, but she won't make a fuss. She is the most obedient child I ever knew, and seems to have no will of her own."

"What a capital wife she will make!" said Mr. Carington.

Lucy being summoned, the Earl said:—

"Lucy, I am going to send you home to your mother for a time."

"O, my lord, I have offended you?"

"Not in the least," he said. "I have reasons which you cannot understand, for wishing you to be at home for a time. You have always been very good, and very quick, and very kind: I shall miss you a great deal; you must believe that this is necessary, Lucy, and don't fret about it. Besides, how glad your mother will be to see you after so long a time—and looking so much better and prettier!"

"I am sure what you decide is quite right, my lord; and I shall be very glad to see my mother; but I *am* sorry to go."

Lucy's eyes, that seemed too lively for tears, were sparkling with them now.

"That's a good girl," said the Earl. "I shall probably send you off early to-morrow, with somebody to take care of you, and some nice things for your mother."

Lucy, looking very sad, did not forget her coquettish curtsy as she left the room.

"A quaint little thing," said Mr. Carington. "Who would fancy her your child?"

"She is more her mother's than mine," he said. "All the time she has been here I have rather thought of her as a favourite servant than as a daughter: I have never had the fancy of giving her a paternal kiss. Now Elinor is a world more like me, though she is not my daughter: and I mean to keep her here so long as you will let me, Carington."

"I won't take her away; some young lover may, you know."

"Time enough for that," said the Earl.

"What says Shakespeare!—

'In delay there lies no plenty:  
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-Twenty!  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.'

These young witches don't care to be a long time ripening."

"The worse for them. We all marry too young. That rascal Rollo did, you know."

"I do know it," said Mr. Carington, "and *you* know how glad I should have been to stop it."

"Well, yes, I think I do," and the Earl, who seldom laughed, laughed heartily. "You were rightly served, old friend. As for that wrong-headed Rollo, he was rightly served too."

"Poor old boy," said Carington. "He certainly was headstrong, and he has paid the penalty. What hundreds of our best Englishmen come to grief in foreign lands, because they *must* be in the midst of adventure."

"They do good," said the Earl. "*Sanguis Anglorum semen imperii*. Still I would rather it had been anybody except Rollo, badly as he treated us both."

Letters were brought in at this moment.

"There is one from your godson, Carington," says the Earl. "So far as I can understand his rather incoherent way of putting it, he will be here to-morrow-evening, too late for dinner. Well, Rachette shall give him a good supper, and they must send a carriage for him."

"I should like to astonish him with the little Marchesa when he

arrives. Don't you think that pretty prisoner might be let out?"

"Oh dear yes. I defy the tentacula of that political polypus to reach Langton Delamere. Make her come down to supper. I'll look in myself if I should feel as well as I do to-day."

As was customary when Mr. Carington entered the Marchesa's apartment, little white Tasso rushed at him fiercely, biting his trousers with tiny teeth. Then Mr. Carington rolled him over with his foot, and the little dog gambolled about so madly that it was impossible to discern head from tail. I think the dog and his mistress both liked Mr. Carington so well, that they were jealous of each other.

"Tasso!" she cried, "be quiet: you are a little nuisance. Come, Frank, what is your news? I can see you have some."

"You little Athenian——"

"Don't call names, sir; especially names I don't know the meaning of. Come, your news: I am dying for something in this dull place."

"Complimentary to you, Elinor," he said.

"O, Elinor is very nice: but I suppose you are aware that Elinor is a girl."

"I shall put you out of the way of harm presently," said Elinor. "How is the Earl to-day, Mr. Carington?"

"He's growing young again," said Mr. Carington. "He talks of coming into Hall for supper to-morrow evening."

"Supper!" said Elinor, "what an unusual meal for Delamere."

"Ah, I like supper," cried the Marchioness; "at one or two, with men who can talk, and women who can sing; you two shall be of them. O, I have supped! I adore supper!"

"Well, will you come to supper in the Hall to-morrow? You can sing: the Earl and I can talk, and so can the visitor, for whom supper is to be prepared. I think it is quite safe for you."

"O no, no, no!" she cried, vehemently. "No, I will stay in my cage, with Tasso to guard me."

"What a guard!" said Mr. Carington, so soon as Tasso had finished the jubilant barks with which he received all mention of his own name. Attempts had been made to substitute equivalents, such as White Imp, Snowball, but he soon found them out, and barked just as wildly at each. "We have dogs in Hall big enough to take care of you: I mean you to come."

"Frank, I won't. It is a shame to frighten me. Perhaps that very visitor you talk of, is coming to kill me."

"I think it very likely from what I know of him. His name is Frank Noel."

Mr. Carington was looking as he spoke at Elinor, and saw what he expected, a blush and a smile.

"O then I will come!" cried the Marchesa, with a sudden change of mood. "I must see Mr. Noel. Perhaps he will fall in love with me. What do you think, Mr. Carington?"

"Why, that he might just as well fall in love with Tasso. What do *you* think, Elinor?"

"Why, sir, that he is a very steady young man, and not likely to fall in love at all."

"Oracular sentence; true to the letter," said Mr. Carington.

"What does she mean?" said the Marchesa; and pondered a little. Then she exclaimed, "O, I know, I know. He has fallen in love already, and will love steadily. Now you are found out, Elinor."

"Well, I must leave you in your cage, Raffaella," said Mr. Carington. "I am going for a ride."

"In this weather!" she exclaimed. "How dreadful!"

"Now, Elinor," said the Marchesa, "it will take all to-day and to-morrow for you to decide what you will wear when Mr. Noel comes."

"What nonsense, Raffaella! Mr. Noel is not in the habit of looking at dress."

"O he will look at you only! I see. But, my dear, take my advice, I am old and wise: men who don't look at dress are unconsciously influenced by it. Many ugly women have been married because they dressed well. Now I shall take you in hand: I shall dress you like a doll for this supper: we will call it the bridal supper."

"Upon my word, Raffaella, you are incorrigible. Of course I know that women ought to dress well: do I dress badly, then?"

"No," said the Marchesa, "not badly. You dress indeed gracefully and quietly: but I could introduce a coquetry, a ravishment, a caprice here and there, which would make Mr. Noel think Venus had given you her girdle while he was away."

"O dear me," quoth Elinor, "I shall have to submit, or you will talk me to death."

"That is an excuse," said Raffaella. "You know very well you like the idea. Ah, it will be amusement in this dull place. I am a baby dressing my doll. Not much material have we, I suppose: for me, I am desolate of dress, and must remain a snowball just now. Now, first come to my room, and I shall experiment on your hair. Why, you have the finest hair in the world, and you take no trouble to show it."

Leaving Elinor in front of a tall mirror, and the Marchesa pulling her superb hair over her shoulders, we follow Mr. Carington. He walked thoughtfully across the Hall, which was vacant and silent; no sound, except now and then the crackle of a log, or the yawn of a mastiff. He soliloquized.

"A grand place. I should like to see more life in it. For three generations it has been quiet and lonely: now there is no heir. This

hall might have been built for the sole comfort of the dogs." He was unconsciously speaking aloud, and a mastiff that lay at his feet looked up inquiringly. "No, old boy, I don't want you and your friends—stalwart sleepy fellows. I want to light up this old place, and by Jove it shall be done, if I can do it."

He passed across the Hall to a door through which access could be gained to the stables. He had to go through a small square courtyard, with fruit-trees on its walls: once a kitchen-garden, it had been paved when some alterations were made, and was only a place of passage: but the old fruit-trees remained, and bore beautifully, as Lucy Walter knew. Here, whither she had come in sunny autumn afternoons to pick a basket of peaches for the Earl, singing the while like a gay little bird that knows not the future, she now was walking rapidly up and down in the chill sunless weather, in her indoor costume, the effigy of despair.

"Lucy," said Carington, sharply.

She came up to him.

"What is this?"

"O, I am so unhappy, sir; I know I must have been naughty, or the Earl would not send me away."

"Did you not hear him say you were not? And dare you disbelieve the Earl? You are naughty now for the first time. Go in directly."

"Please don't tell Lord Delamere, sir: I am very sorry."

"I will not," he said more kindly. "Now, Lucy, go and sit down by your fire. You have to travel to-morrow, and you would not like to go home looking ill. If you want something to do, write a long letter to your mother. She will be glad to know that you have given the Earl satisfaction."

"Thank you, sir," she said, and obeyed.

"These girls and boys," thought Carington, "are difficult to manage; it's odd that an old bachelor like you, Master Frank, should have so many on his hands."

When he reached the stables, his horse was ready.

"Now, old roan," he said, patting his shoulder, "for a gallop over the fells: 'twill do your wind good, and my brain. What shall I do," he thought as he flew upward, "with the little Ravioli? She is my greatest perplexity. She is so frightened that I dare not leave her to herself. She'd marry me to-morrow, if I told her to: but no, no, Master Frank, don't throw away your freedom in your old age. Freedom, though! By Jove, though I haven't a wife, I seem to be the adopted father of several sons and daughters. Egad, I wish I saw some chance of settling Raffaella."

He had been breasting the fell through thick mist: when he reached the summit he was above it, and the sun was bright in a cloudless sky.

"A good omen," he thought.

The Marchesa, dressing her doll's hair, saw what seemed a giant horse and man going up through the mist.

"O what is that?" she cried, convulsively pulling one of Elinor's thick tresses with each hand.

"You little goose," between a laugh and a scream. "Only Mr. Carington on horseback. Have I got any hair left?"

"Yes, dear, a little. Don't you adore Mr. Carington?"

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### LOVE'S LOADSTONE.

*Raphael.* But who the devil was my fellow-traveller?

*Astrologos.* Speak not too lightly of the devil, good my Lord,  
The lowest whisper reaches that great potentate.

*Raphael.* Being his slave, you fear him, wretched star-gazer.  
He is a dream.

*The Comedy of Dreams.*

LOVE's loadstone was in Strathelyde for Frank Noel. That magnetic influence, tugging so fiercely at the heart of man, does not accelerate the movements of railway trains. Verily if it could be made to act on things material, what a motive power it would be! Nothing could resist that miraculous energy which reunites, according to the old Greek theory (which came by way of Ægypt from Central Asia, birthplace of mankind), the two severed halves of a complete being—the only complete being God has created on this world. As God made man in His image, so all lower creatures are made in partial imitation of man, modern sophistry notwithstanding. The monkey has a mockery of his form; the dog has his courage and faith; the horse has his love of speed and adventure; the bird has his skyward aspiring and his love of song. And all, in ways widely differing, are drawn by love's loadstone.

Frank Noel's love had not spoilt his appetite: he ate an hotel breakfast without grumbling; and went across to catch his train a full half hour before it was announced to start. He walked up and down the platform rapidly, heedless of all the groups that stood upon it, deaf to the yells of frantic newsboys. What was the *Times* to Frank Noel, who had in his heart of hearts better news than could come from any known or unknown corner of this wandering star? The Russians might be in Constantinople, the French in Alderney, the Prussians in Heligoland, the Spaniards in Gibraltar: to him what matter, so that Elinor was at Delamere, waiting for him? He walked the platform in that visionary haste which causes your true lover to be as easily recognizable at a railway terminus as a runaway banker. Hurried travellers utter maledictions as he and they collide: he

neither sees nor feels nor hears. In Frank's mental eye dwelt a vision of Elinor, as she would look that night; and when the bell rang it seemed to him a blast upon the drawbridge horn at Delamere.

He got into a carriage where there was one other traveller—a tall broad-chested fair-haired man, with a laughing reckless bronze face, wrapt up in a heavy cloak of lion-skins. The mighty mane of a lion fell over his shoulders. His appearance was so original that Frank was almost aroused from his happy dream. Quite aroused indeed, when, as they got up the incline into lighter air, the stranger said,—

“Do you smoke?”

He asked this simple question in a voice that sounded like song, so exquisite was its tenor. Frank, looking up to answer yes, saw that the voice issued from a mouth of perfect curve, and that the eyes were alight with fun and poetry. What colour they were he could no more tell than the colours of a wind-driven sunset-stained sea.

“Smoking,” said the stranger, so musically that Frank could not help listening, “is a bad habit. I admit this. (By the way, can I offer you a cigar?”—but Frank was already lighting one.) “Yet, as a sedative, we find it useful in these fast days. It has been objected that Adam did not smoke in Eden: but it is indisputable that the tobacco-plant grew there: and if so, what was it for? I am sure he would have been glad of a cigar when he was standing outside the gate, without a portmanteau or a *Bradshaw* or the least idea where to find an hotel.”

All the while he spoke he was lighting a huge chibouque, which now he puffed with energy. It was large enough to suit Adam himself, even though the father of our race were the giant the *Talmud* describes him.

“I have an uncle, a canon of the Church,” said Frank, “who would call your illustration blasphemous.”

“He would be right. I learnt it in America—at Boston, Massachusetts—where it is considered the highest order of wit. To be classical instead: don't you think, if Achilles could have smoked a pipe after Briseis was taken away from him, Troy would have been taken in less time?”

“But we shouldn't have had the *Iliad*,” rejoined Frank.

“I don't like the *Iliad*; the *Odyssey*'s my book. Homer wrote the *Odyssey* for fun in his youth, and the *Iliad* in his old age to kudzize some stuck-up aristocratic families. The *Iliad* is a queer mixture; it was the *Bible* and the *Peerage* of the Greeks.”

Frank laughed at this whimsical notion. Silence ensued. They looked out on the country, where Spring began to move, as if expectant of the angel April, her white hands wet with flowers. Suddenly the musical voice arose again:

“Eden or Troy, you see, it doesn't matter, a woman is always at

the bottom of all mischief. Now you are in love, of course: all fellows worth anything are in love at your age. *I* was. Damn it: the tremendous tomfoolery of that time would exhaust me now, but for tobacco. It sent me all round the world: I got the materials for this cloak somewhere in mid-Africa: it has made me a filibuster, a gold-digger, a conspirator, a geographical explorer; I can't keep quiet because I did a foolish thing when you were a baby. If you saw me in the streets of London I should be pelting along at six miles an hour, trying to get I don't know where."

"Is that where you're going now?" asked Frank.

"Pretty much so. I mean to sleep at Carlisle: for after all one *must* sleep, you know, though I can seldom manage more than four hours at a time. More people overeat than overdrink, and more people oversleep than either. It is the cause of half the world's stupidity. Do you know why the English is the greatest nation in the world? Because we are the only people whose Parliament is strong enough to sit at night?"

"A new idea," said Frank.

"Not at all. The Druids always counted time by nights, not days. Sunlight is God's wine: waste no drop of it: it is a sin to work when the sun shines. Night, with its calm stars and magic moon, is the time for thought and for work. Night for the poet and the orator: one touch of the glorious sun on green grass shames all their rhymes and periods. Marsyas, depend on it, was a bad poet who persisted in writing by day, and got a sunstroke: I learnt that at Athens, from Tricoupi, who wrote the history."

"And where do you go to-morrow?" asked Frank Noel.

"Ah, that's what I don't know: where do you?"

"I do not stay at Carlisle. I am going to drive to a place some miles off—Delamere, Lord Delamere's place."

"A very fine house, I have heard," said the musical voice.

"Unique, I should think. An immense hexagonal hall with galleries, and room for billiard-tables, dining-tables, writing-tables, a dozen dogs, still leaving central space for a country dance. All round, on three floors, superb suites of rooms. It is a house for a prince, and the Earl is princely."

"An old man, I believe?"

"Over seventy. White-haired and rather infirm, having been ill lately. He lives almost entirely in his own rooms."

"You will find it dull. But perhaps he has a wife and family. Daughters, eh, or granddaughters more likely, would be your attraction."

"He is a bachelor," said Frank, "so far as I know. There are some ladies visiting there, I believe: and there is a man whom most people seem to know, so perhaps you know him—Mr. Carington."

"Carington!" intoned the musical voice rather peculiarly. "Yes, I think I used to know him, years ago. Does he ride still?"

"O yes. Every day, when he can."

"Ah, he's as tough as steel, and as keen. He is the only man I ever envied. Things make him wise that would make other men mad."

"I like to hear you or any man speak well of him, for he has been my best friend from my birth. Indeed he was my godfather."

The stranger eyed Frank rather curiously, and was about to speak, but did not. There was an interval of smoke. There was a longer interval of sleep.

It was dark enough when they reached Carlisle—a chill March evening, with mist in the air and hoar frost on the land. The station looked pleasant to the travellers, as they got into the blaze of its lamps. Frank, inquisitive as to his companion, noted him as he shook himself and stretched in his lionskins. A gaunt retainer in shooting-jacket and gaiters came up to him, just as Lord Delamere's footman had discovered Frank.

"Luggage to the County Hotel, Wolf. Dinner or supper, whichever they like to call it: plenty, mind, for I'm as hungry as if I'd lived on bread and butter for a year. That fellow," he continued to Frank, "has been all over the world with me. But good-night, I am keeping you, and you have a long drive."

And he strode off to the hotel at a tremendous pace, leaving Frank in annoyance at his own dulness in not having tried to obtain his fellow-traveller's name, or getting him to send a message to Mr. Carington.

"I am always so slow," thought Frank. "Anybody else would have done the right thing at the right time. I think of it afterwards."

When he was comfortably inside the Earl's omnibus, his thoughts returned to Elinor, shortening the way so much that he was astonished when the sound of the horn prepared him for rumbling over the drawbridge. It was pleasant to enter the great Hall again, full of life and warmth: pleasant to see the white-haired Earl leaning on his staff by the fire, ready to greet him: pleasant to receive a hearty grip from Carington's friendly hand. Well, and perhaps it was even more pleasant to look at Elinor's happy eyes and laughing lips and blushing face, and to find a meaning in the pressure of her warm white hand. Humorously pleasant also an introduction to the Marchesa: the tiny white lady stood with an immense mastiff on each side of her . . . for the Earl was so amused by her belief in Tasso as a defender, that he ordered two of his finest dogs, Emperor and Empress, brother and sister, to

—"Guard that lady!"

They would not leave her afterwards till their master dismissed them : she looked like a remarkably small Una between two lions.

"Let us have supper at once," said the Earl. "Our traveller must be hungry. I am glad to hear the Canon is so much better."

"He is almost well," said Frank.

Supper was served. Rachette, culinary patrician, had excelled himself. He had invented a *Surprise à la Retour de l'Oiseau* which would have delighted Cambacères. They were a merry party . . . Raffaella perhaps the merriest. There she sat, between the two mighty mastiffs, a snowy mischievous fairy, and pecked at Rachette's delicacies, and sipped the froth of the wine.

"We are all glad to see you, Frank," said Mr. Carington. "I can assure you that you were missed."

"By my lord, of course," says the Marchesa.

"Certainly by me," said the Earl. "No one could have missed you so much."

"O!" cried Raffaella. "Please don't. I have been dressing a doll on purpose for him."

Frank looked at Elinor, who certainly had about her a charm unusual of flower-fretted hair and dainty lace and gracious blend of colour.

"You are a wicked witch," said Mr. Carington.

"Now listen," she said : "this is an old song, old as the world. You know I am no improvisatrice." She sang :—

"Says his father, 'I have missed you,  
Missed you, missed you.'

'Why, sir, why?'

'Why, when I had the vapours

You used to read the papers :

Son, that's why.'

"Says his mother, 'I have missed you,  
Missed you, missed you,'

'Why, ma'am, why?'

'Because you used to slaughter

The fowls, and fetch the water :

Son, that's why.'

There are a great number of verses, running through all the members of his family, even to his grandmother's cousin : it would take all night ; but may I sing you one more ?"

"O, yes, go on," said the Earl.

The Marchesa sang :—

"Said a maiden, 'I have missed you,  
Missed you, missed you.'

'Why, child, why?'

'Because, before I missed you,

I meant so to have kissed you,

And said, good-bye!'"

Everybody laughed, and it was the general opinion that two people blushed. The Earl said :—

"Marchesa, if any woman in the world could keep an old man out of his bed or out of his grave, you could do it. But I find I must go: Frank, my boy, you shall help me to my rooms, and then go back and have a pleasant night. You deserve it."

Frank came forward, and Lord Delamere gave him his arm. Never did he see Frank without thinking of Frank's father, and trying to make some amend.

"By the way, Marchesa," said the Earl, "do you want those dogs to sleep in your room?"

"O no, what a terrible thought!"

"They will, unless I send them to their kennels. Shall I? Won't you be frightened?"

"No, I am brave. I have had supper."

So the Earl went one way and Emperor and Empress the other, and then the other four sat down to enjoy "the sweet o' the night."

"Did you get rid of the Minx, Frank?" asked Mr. Carington.

"O yes, I wasn't going to leave my uncle in her clutches."

And then he told the story, which caused much laughter.

"She'd have married the dear old Canon by force," said Mr. Carington, "if you had left her behind."

"What a dreadful person!" exclaimed Raffaella. "Elinor, my dear, you do not talk to-night. I did not dress my doll to be silent. Come, talk or sing, or at least laugh."

"Who can help laughing when you are chattering, Raffaella?" said Mr. Carington. "But Elinor shall sing, for everybody adores her voice. I was turning over some old music here the other day, and saw a song that quite suits the moment. Will you try it Elinor?"

It was quite a walk to the corner where stood a grand piano, looking small.

"There should be a railway round this hall," said Raffaella.

Mr. Carington found the song, which Elinor sang :—

"They ride beneath the boughs at noon,  
A lord and lady bright,  
And laugh to hear the cuckoo's tune  
And watch the swallow's flight,  
And hearken to the skylark's lay  
Hid in the sky's blue light. . . .  
Ah, love has laughter for the day,  
And silence for the night.

"The long long day of pleasure past,  
The banquet richly dight—  
The lady's eyelids droop at last  
O'er eyes of chrysolite :

The brilliant pageant fades away  
In chambers hushed and white,  
Since love has laughter for the day,  
And silence for the night."

"There is another stanza," said Mr. Carington, "but it is slightly in Mat Prior's vein."

They returned to the supper-table, to take a farewell glass of wine. Suddenly Frank bethought him of his fellow-traveller, who had vanished from his memory while in Elinor's presence. He mentioned his adventure, and such of the conversation as he could recall.

"I never saw such a remarkable man, in his way. He seems to have been all over the world. Was curious about this place, and seemed to have known you well, Mr. Carington, years ago. Asked if you were still fond of riding."

Mr. Carington was puzzled. He remembered a stalwart figure he had seen shouldering his way through Brook-street one day in town, whose appearance sent a thrill through him. But the Marchesa interposed.

"Stay, Mr. Frank. Tall, broad, eyes of all colours, blue like the sea, brown, gray, I know not what, hair like floss silk, a mixture of dark gray and amber, and a voice like the Angelus bell . . . all that, wrapt in lions' skins."

"Your picture is perfect."

"Ah, then it is Leo, it is Leo!—my Leo!"

"Your Leo?" says Mr. Carington, almost sternly.

"Well no, not my Leo. But I always used to meet him, everywhere in Europe: only he said he would never come to England, never. But it must be Leo. He is such a grand conspirator: and O, how he hates Number One! O Mr. Carington, you must take me to Carlisle to find Leo."

(To be continued.)